

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thy own—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh, save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, oh, save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher,
But the arch fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh, save!
From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From mirth that is but feigning,
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save!
From doubt, where all doubt,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
Oh, set us free!
O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually!
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled,
All pains beguiled,
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

—Selected.

From the New York Tribune.

TILTON'S LECTURE.

WHAT THE GREAT PLAINTIFF THINKS OF "LIFE'S PROBLEM."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For all this kindness I thank you. It is a common instinct of human nature for a man to love his friends. I beg you, therefore, to accept my whole heart. [Applause.] Now I am to speak to you of the Problem of Life, and of course I do not mean Prof. Huxley's inquiry into life and its problems: whether the origin of matter is protoplasm or germ-cell. I mean this common, every-day life of ours, whose burdens we bear, whose praises we seek, whose vicissitudes are such a mystery, and whose functions are so little understood. Prof. Huxley's query is new, but mine is old, old as the ages, unsettled as the sea, and yet ever vital as human desire. For I suppose that every man who has had some fair share of human experience, that is, every man who has gone far enough into life to feel the burden and the heat of the day, every man who has stood at the altar of his marriage, looked into the cradle of his children, every man who has gone into what Wordsworth calls the years that bring the philosophical mind—every such man is often brought to a standstill in the midst of the hurly-burly that we call the world, to ask himself what is the function, what is the mystery, what is the problem of life? Solomon the wise man, considered it long, and at the end of all his learning and power and pleasure, his conclusion was, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Job, the patient man, dwelt upon it, only to find it gave him greater pain, until he put forth that most pitiful exclamation that ever rose out of a human heart, when he said: "Cursed be the day wherein I was born."

Well, then, if the Problem of Life has thus taxed the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, and brought that wisdom and that patience both to despair, it is a question which I shall undertake to discuss, but dare not hope to settle. What is life? I do not mean in the scientific, but in the popular, sense? And I suppose it is sufficiently accurate if I should say: "Here is the world spread around us, here is man placed in the midst of it, and the relation of man to the world is what we call life; and the great question is, how much is there in the world, and how much can a man get out of it for himself?" Now there are many good people inveighing against the world, and yet I think that, as God who made it called it good, it is unbecoming in man, for whom he made it, to pronounce it ill. For indeed it is a rich, wonderful, and glorious world. But man makes inventory of its contents. He counts its worth by the treasures which it holds. See what a stately planet God has given man to dwell upon! He created it not in a moment of divine haste, but in divine leisure. It was so created that man should have no opportunity to be disappointed with the work. What sciences have we! Calculating to-day's eclipse to the very nicety of the shadow of a shade, yea, weighing the sun, moon, and the stars in a scale almost as exact as that of the divine justice itself. What arts and industries do we see here! What temples of worship! What houses and homes are scattered up and down the earth like tents of an army covering the plains!

Why, what myriads of objects cover the earth for man's use! So numerous that not all the languages, living and dead, have names for them; so ample that life, even were the list recorded, would not be long enough to read it; yea, so multitudinous that the human mind has not capacity to grasp the catalogue. Well, then, it is very evident that there is a great deal in the world, if only every man could have it for himself, but out of all this abundance, how small is each man's individual share! Now, turn a man out into this embarrassment of arts and arm and equip him to gather as much of the world as he can. When he has done as much as man can do, how much does he possess? How large a proportion of the things of the world will he have? Well, give him health, perfect and uninterrupted; give him years, "three score and ten, and if by reason of strength, four score"; give him discipline, so that the finger is nimble and every faculty alive; give him opportunity, give him ambition, all there is in the desire for obtaining fame, for learning, for love—give all these, and send him out in the world, and how much can any man gather for his own? Suppose it were his ambition to be a landholder, how much of the earth's surface could one man possess? Suppose it were his ambition to be a book-reader, how many of the earth's volumes could one man read? Suppose it were his ambition to be a money-maker, how much of the earth's treasure can he carry in his purse? Now, you can give a man all that his eyes can see, all that his ears can hear, all that his hands can hold, all that his mind can learn, all that his heart can feel, yea, all that his soul can grasp, how much then can he possess, for his own pleasure, of all the world? Well now, perhaps you answer in Goldsmith's line, "Man wants but little here below." A friend of mine made a visit to the shaking Quakers, and seeing their various movements, said there was only little in muscular Christianity. They said it was that little they were trying to find. Well, now that is the principle upon which every man goes into the great world. It is the little that he is after. And how strange is the principle of choice. For instance, Paris is a world of itself, London is a world of itself. If you have been to Paris or London, what did you gather in those cities? Audubon went to Paris. What did he there see in Paris? The Louvre, Notre Dame, the Arch of Triumph? No. He has left notes. He simply records the fact that he saw doves feeding in the trees of the garden of the Tuileries. He went to

London. What did he see there? Did he note London Tower or Buckingham Palace? No. All he sees is a flock of wild ducks flying to the north. That is Audubon's choice. He who takes one course naturally leaves other courses. Therefore, the wisest man, the richest man, the greatest man, strive as he may, cannot master the world. His only chance is to fling aside his ambition to wear the purple, and to undertake to master himself. [Applause.]

The problem of life is to find out its object, and having found it, to follow it. The object of life is not for worth, nor for learning; no, not even for happiness. The object of life, in my view, is the development of human character. Suppose the problem of life were the attainment of wealth. How many men are rich? Suppose the problem of life were the attainment of power. How many men are powerful? Here and there is a powerful ring—since they are so mischievous, heaven be praised, they are comparatively few. Supposing the problem of life were fame. How many men are famous? I don't believe that of the millions that breathe the vital air around the globe to-night there is one who will not be forgotten a few centuries hence. How many of you on the spur could give me a fair catalogue of the Presidents of the United States? I don't mean who knows who is going to be the next President. [Laughter and applause.] It seems to be a foreordained gift of every American to cast that horseshoe in advance. Suppose it were to attain happiness. How many men are happy in the world? Carlyle says happiness is cheap if we only apply to the right source.

Immortal is the story of the king whose malady could be cured only by wearing the shirt of a happy man, and the happy man, when found, had no shirt. How many of you dare to confess to being happy men. [Laughter and applause.] Why, ladies and gentlemen, you appear to be in so merry a humor, I half suspect you dare not unbutton your vests. I say again the Problem of Life consists in none of these elements, for over none of these has man any control. Once again let me repeat, the Problem of Life is the development of character. A man's character is something not only in his own keeping, but is of his own making. Ah, I say character; I do not mean reputation. A man's character is what he is. A man's reputation is what people imagine him to be. [Applause.] Character is one thing, reputation another, sometimes as far apart as the East and the West, sometimes as different as the day and the night. Character and reputation! Why, the greatest character in all history made himself no reputation. [Applause.] Public men are constantly making and losing reputation, as the stars go down and come up; but there is this difference, the star that sets may rise again, but the star that falls is lost forever. [Applause.] Well, then, since we are driven from reputation back to character, what is character? Now I think the flowers in a garden are not more numerous than the types of character in the world. Compare Captain Jack of the Modocs with Prof. Agassiz, Cato the patriot with Catiline the traitor. Measure the difference between cruelty and gentleness. Measure the difference between sadness and mirth. Here Carthusian silence; there the Roman carnival. Human nature is many-sided and myriad-minded. It is Stoic and Epicurean; it is celibate and social; it is brutal and gentle; it is ascetic and bacchanalian; it is inhel and devout. All these diverse elements lie in the human heart, sometimes at peace, oftentimes at war, and the wise man seeking the development of the Problem of Life, looking at these opposing forces, will undertake to deal healthfully with all, abnormally with none. For instance, pleasure—you are to seek it, likewise to despise it. Pain—you are to shun it, likewise to endure it. Passion—you are to give it the loose rein, likewise the strong curb. Death—you are to summon all science against it; then, when this is vain,

you are to evoke all the fortitude you can to meet it.

Now in the midst of this contrariety of types of character, has it ever occurred to you to ask the question, what is the proper estimate of character? I think I give a sufficiently correct answer when I say that, as times go, a good character is one that consists of a certain number of elements which we call cardinal virtues, fortitude, purity, sobriety, charity. But you ask me how many of these must exist in a man in order to entitle him to the possession of cardinal virtues. There used to be a cry in the army times that you could not purchase all the virtues for \$13 a month. I believe it is the same yet to this day. Then the question arises, How virtuous must virtue be in order to be cardinal? Kind, well, how kind? Patient, well, how patient? Truthful, well, how truthful? In view of these inquiries, I want to take up a number of these virtues for illustration and application. Here, for instance, is fortitude. Can you hold your hand in the fire until it dropped from the wrist? Cramer did it. Mucius Scaevola did it. One a Christian, the other a Pagan; therefore, it was no peculiarity of religion, but simply uncommon strength of human nature. [Applause.]

Miles O'Reilly told me once a story of a brave Irish soldier in a hospital whose arm was obliged to be amputated. The question was asked him whether it should be amputated between the wrist and the elbow, or between the shoulder and the elbow. Pat replied, "Cut it off as you please; only leave me enough to hug my girl with." It took a stalwart, brawny man to say that. Bishop Heber, of Calcutta, has left on record that he saw a fakir who had kept his right hand clinched for so many days, months, years, that the nails grew backward and upward and downward. There are instances of Turks who have made pilgrimages to Mohammed's tomb, and having gazed upon it once, put out their eyes, so that they should never look upon anything less holy. Brutus, in the name of justice, delivered his son to the executioner. Virginius, in the name of honor, gave up his daughter to the dagger. These, and hundreds of other instances, show the capacity of human nature for fortitude. Fortitude in the midst of martyr-fires, as when Latimer said to Ridley at the stake, "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley, for we have this day lighted a candle in England which no man shall put out." Fortitude in the midst of wild beasts, as Ignatius said, "I am God's wheat. Let the lion's teeth grind on me." Fortitude on the scaffold, when Raleigh cried out to the executioner, "Strike, man! What have you to fear?" Fortitude in the presence of death, as on the Cumberland in the late war, when every man on board stood at his post of duty, and every man went down—to rise immortal. [Loud applause.] Fortitude in the midst of affliction touching the heart's core, like a French general who in the midst of a fight received intelligence of the death of his son. He dropped a natural tear, and then said, "I must win this battle to-day. To-morrow I will mourn for my son." Fortitude in the midst of hardships, as when Garibaldi pronounced that manifesto which went ringing round the world, "Whosoever is in love with cold, hunger, disease, death, let him follow me."

These are examples of the capacity of the human heart for fortitude. We hear it said, "Man's spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." It is a slander on human nature. The flesh has all the iron strength of that God-given will which is a part of God himself. It was strong enough to enable Samson to bear off the gates of Gaza, to enable Atlas to elevate the earth on his shoulders. It enables many a feeble woman in the birth-giving hour to bear all the agonies of life and death. Now the Problem of Life, which is the development of character, comes to every man, and he should ask himself whether his heart is sufficiently guarded by fortitude, which, of all the cardinal virtues, excels in strength.

Well, take another virtue—courage. Fortitude bears pain; courage braves peril. I am

Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

"ONLY A GIRL."

BY MRS. A. E. N. R.

Close the door carefully—muffle the tread,
Drop the soft curtains 'round the white bed;
A pale mother's sleeping, aye, give her rest,
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast,
She hath struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death;
Her's is the victory; let not a breath
Awaken her slumber; hark! there's a tread
Nearer and nearer approaching her bed:
Manly his bearing—yea, noble his mien;
Lowly he bends the fair sleepers between;
Lifts the frail floweret with womanly care,
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer!
No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow;
"It's only a girl!"—a hush as of death,
For the moment suspended each listener's breath;
In the pause—the pale sleeper uplifting her eyes—
"I must have been dreaming," she said with surprise;
"I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my heart,
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
Pierced my soul to its core; I sprang for my babe!
'Tis only a girl!' were the words I heard said,
And Elmer! Oh, Elmer! that voice was like thine;
That hand—angels spare me!—once warmly clasped mine.
As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
And yet it was when I was only a girl!
If a girl is true dear, then the mother and wife
To every true man is as dear as his life!"
She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow,
The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
Then her words, quick and scathing, burned into the soul:
Emotion swayed reason beyond her control—
"It's only a girl!"—O man, in thy strength,
Know that God measures souls by their depth—not their length;
The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth;
A man may hold kingdoms and nations control;
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?
The germ in your strong arms, unfolded with care,
May, like *Harriet Hosmer* or *Rosa Bonheur*,
Move the world by her art, or lull it to rest
With poetry's magic, the balm of the blest;
The mission of MOTHERHOOD! Man, do you dare,
With sneers stain this sanctum-sanctorum of prayer!
This Holy of Holies—this mightiest dower!
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
Ah! where were the Monarch, the Duke, and the Earl,
Had not each a mother, once "only a girl!"
And whence came *thy* being, and all the proud van
You marshalled in battle—yes, every man?
The magnet that led them through storm and through strife,
Was a MOTHER, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife,
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,
And yet each fair image was "ONLY A GIRL!"
It was only a girl that Deity chose
To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose
Sweeps down through the ages like stars through the night,
To illumine the world with its God-given light;
'Twas only frail women that wept at the tomb,
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone,
And women that bore the glad tidings to men
That Christ, the beloved, had risen again;
'Twas only a girl, in a womanly form,
That steered a brave ship through tempest and storm,
When the captain lay dying—dismayed the whole crew.
That vessel by woman was piloted through;
Still another, more noble, courageous, and brave,
Saved a burning ship's crew from a watery grave.
In an hour of dire peril, when every breath
Was a prayer, for the breakers were talking with death;
When no man on shore would imperil his life,
This beautiful girl in her beautiful faith
Gave humanity one hand—the other to God;
And landed them safe on the briny-washed sod;
There still is another as true and as brave,
Whose youth strength and beauty are given to save
The aqueous travelers whose barques would strand
On ocean jagged rocks and bars of sand,
Without her beacon-light, outshining far,
As if God had let down a guiding star,
And trusted it so fraught with life and death,
To a weak girl, but strong in holy faith;
Her name's a household word on land and sea—
The lovely *Ida Lewis*—pure and free;
But countless numbers like a torrent rush
Into my mind—I see God's burning bush,
And by its light I gather gems and pearls,
In every age and clime, once "only girls."
Go to the reeking battle-fields of yore
And read the records, writ in human gore,
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
And point me to one name that's carved above,
The name of woman in such deeds as these,
And I will pray to Heaven, on bended knees,
That every child henceforth may be a boy,
That every father's heart may leap with joy;
But ere in scorn you breathe "only a girl,"
Look lest you cast aside the greater PEARL.

We are in receipt of *Lois Waisbrooker's* new book. Nothing like it. It is readable, and well worth the price asked for it. When we have time to read it carefully we will give a more extended notice of it. So far as we have read it speaks well for the authoress.

A lady friend of ours who has read it says it has but one fault, and that is its continued warfare on married life. If this be true, we object to it, for we believe in monogamy, and not in promiscuity. The book is published by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner Providence street, Boston, Mass. Bound in cloth, 12mo, 336 pages, \$1.50, postage 18c. We will take orders for the book.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

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Will our exchanges please direct their papers as below, and oblige THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK:

X THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, Lombard, Dupage Co., Ill.

Have we offended the *Spiritual Scientist*, or is it dead? What is the matter, we have not seen it for four weeks?

We sell the "New Gospel of Health," by Andrew Stone, M.D.; 519 pages; cloth, \$2.50, postage 35c.; paper covers, \$1.25, postage 25c. Every family in the land ought to buy this book. It is a treasure; send for it. Address E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

From the Ladies Own Magazine. ROOM FOR WOMAN.

BY A. E. RICHMOND.

Room for woman among the earth's broad acres! Room for her to work with heart and hand and brain in every avenue and highway, where the finger of Providence may point, or the beck of nature may bid her. Room for her to work out, nobly and bravely, a competence, an independence it may be, for herself and the helpless ones clinging to her. Room for her to exercise all her God-given faculties in whatever fields they may call her to, whether it may be to gather flowers by the wayside, or to blast the great rocks on the mountain-top. If only she be nerved for the work, let no man dare to stand in the way.

This age has thrust great responsibilities in the face of woman, greater far than came to our quiet old grandmothers, quietly spinning at their cottage doors, while the rumble of the great world sounded on outside, unheard and uncared-for. How shall the young woman of to-day, fresh from the college or academy where she has passed the same severe course of study as her brothers, discussed with them the great questions of the times, and waked up to feel that even woman is no longer a unit in God's creation, how shall she, if she be a thinking woman, dare to push aside these responsibilities that are laid at her feet, and say, "This is none of my work; let man shoulder it." And if man will not shoulder it, and some woman, with her keener intuition and quicker perception, hears the voice of the Eternal, saying, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," shall she dare to answer, "I go not; there is my brother, send him"?

How many of us are there who stand accountable for "talents folded in a napkin"—unused talents, forgotten talents, pushed aside, trampled under foot, when they might have helped to make the world beautiful, and bear a blessing to some poor benighted soul! Some wrong we might have righted, some song we might have sung, some burden we might have lifted, some words we might have said. But the song is unsung and the words are all unspoken, and we have "lost the glory of our day." Our hands have been full of our ruffling and fluting, our fashionable foibles and fooleries, and the gifts that might have borne us up to heaven, on wings like the eagles, lie neglected in the dust.

Who will say that Felicia Hemans was not a nobler woman and a truer mother for the great gift of song that welled up in her soul? Who will say that Anna Dickinson is not keener in her sympathies, more lofty in her inspirations, and more tender in her nature, for the stand she has taken on the American platforms? But it may be said all women have not great gifts. Then let her fall in where she can work best, whether to glean in the stubble fields, or to bind sheaves for the harvestmen. How many women are there to-day standing empty-handed among the reapers "because no man hath hired them," or because their place in the great harvest-fields is filled by those who should be out on life's war-paths; by men in finger-rings and bosom-pins, flirting their scented handkerchiefs, while without, wandering vainly from street to street, petitioning humbly for a place to labor, stand, with their pale faces, women with heart and brain and skill, who might fill these places better, so much better; only they are women.

Not many months ago, we lighted upon a

young lady at one of the hotels, a graduate of one of our colleges, who had waded long and toilsomely through a tedious course of study at her own expense, and now asked the privilege of "working at the oars," but after traversing the whole length and breadth of one of our northern cities, to obtain a place as clerk or book-keeper, found a rebuff at every door, "places all filled," while at every corner she was met by hosts of starched and perfumed young swells, exchanging glances with one another from behind their piles of ribbons and laces, and enjoying the discomfiture of the noble girl who, in nature and education, stood leagues above them. This is an every day tale. Where are the philanthropists who will shoulder this responsibility, and in the earth's great harvest-fields make room for woman?

For the Spiritualist at Work.

GOING HOME FROM WORK.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Tired men have passed my window for the last hour, with their faces set homewards. Nearly every one carried something in their hands or arms; perchance a tin pail, emptied of its life-sustaining store, some boards, shavings, or provisions, something to help in the home.

These men are our producers, our mechanics of various kinds. They are our working men, working their way through life. They have a mission to fill, and nobly are they filling it. These toiling men of head and hands are the brave helpers of the world; they suggest, plan, and execute, while the idlers and grumblers, the thriftless, beggars and so-called cream of society, lazily live and float, anyhow and anyway, at the expense of the true producers, the makers of the honey of success and happiness.

To the men of labor, life is sweet, earnest, and real; they have no time for vain murmurings or useless regrets, they are toiling for loved ones who are dependent upon them, and if, in the going home, these men of muscle, these men of honest toil, can anticipate the love-light beaming from eyes who wait their coming at quiet eventide, so much quicker beats the heart as home is neared.

All over this beautiful city are the homes of the working-men, who in the great hive of industry, have earned for themselves homes, and have beautified them, each according to the cultivation of the reigning soul within.

Going home! what a rest in the word home, for, be it ever so homely, or ever so lowly, it is suggestive to the owner. Life has many burdens for each and every one to bear, and it behooves us all to bear our part willingly and cheerfully, to avoid the angry word, to give cheer to those who for our sakes, shoulder the heavy crosses of care, that we may enjoy some of the luxuries of life, to give hope, to have faith, and live out our true natures, in spite of those who fain would despise the working-men, their wives and sisters.

Work to the honest toiler is sweet, though often laborious, and in these days the recompense is meager, but justice is not to be deserving because greed and monopoly are in the ascendancy at present; but, working-men, your day is yet to come; each act, each nail driven, each brick laid, each effort made to carry out the programme marked out for you, the remuneration is reserved for you. Justice shall be meted out to everyone as his works do merit.

Going home to-night, weary with care, oppression, and low wages, with a hard winter before you; by-and-bye, you will be going home through the change called death, there to learn why shadows more than sunshine dimmed your earthly pathway; why you were poor and your master rich; there to learn the mysteries of life, and mount the steps of progression, leading upward and onward through cycles of rolling eternities.

Adrian, Sept. 24.

To his remarkable discoveries of Buddhist remains at Bharhut, Gen. Cunningham has now added the discovery of the site of Kapilavaster, the scene of the early life of Gautama Buddha. The ruins of three separate stupas have been made out, and among them has been found an inscription on brick supposed to be older than the time of Asoka.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God; and secret passages, running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with intelligences, which strengthen and console them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—*Longfellow*.

The very tide that sweeps us along requires at least occasional strokes on our part to keep to the surface.

Love in all its shapes implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love.

When we read we fancy we could be martyrs, when we come to act we cannot bear a provoking word.—*Hannah More*.

No one should be satisfied who is not daily adding to his stores of knowledge, and at the same time increasing his facility in using what he has.

The animal heat of bees is greater than is generally supposed. Dr. Kurtland, the distinguished apiarian, says that the heat arising from fifty-two of his hives standing under a shed, was sufficient to melt the snow upon the roof.

Dr. Franklin introduced broom corn into this country. While examining an imported corn whisk, he discovered a single seed, which he planted, and from which the corn was propagated.

Five ocean cables now facilitate communication between North America and Europe. The first of those now in working order was laid in 1866, the second in 1869, the third in 1873, the fourth in 1874, and the last has lately been completed.

Some bituminous mortar recently brought from the ruins of Babylon has been found to consist largely of pulverized gray limestone, which would indicate that the Babylonians did not know how to burn lime and slake it for mortar, after the modern fashion.

Petroleum springs have lately been discovered in considerable quantity on the Luneburg Heaths, in Northern Germany. The oil, in clearness, purity, and specific weight, is said to be identical with the American rock-oils, and it is almost without smell of any kind.

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

A vast subterranean cave was recently discovered, six miles from Sandusky, O. Four men explored it for 400 feet. They found a singular formation of quartz, granite, etc., discovered a petrification alleged to be a man of immense size, and fossilized parts of animals. The rock is limestone. A subterranean lake of soft water was also found. The discovery created great excitement.

A mammoth cave has also been discovered at Bedford, Ind. A party recently went down a distance of seventy feet, and then an incline of thirty feet, and found themselves in a chamber, eighty by one hundred and fifty feet in area and one hundred high. An entrance into another apartment was blocked up, but a thorough exploration is soon to be made.

A DISABLED VESSEL NAVIGATED BY A WOMAN.

A vessel which arrived at this port last Friday, brought the intelligence that the bark Rebecca Crowell, which left New York, March 6th, for Buenos Ayres, became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving here. Several of the spars and sails were carried away and the Captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths throughout the rest of the voyage and rendered incapable of managing the vessel. There was no other person on board except the Captain's wife who understood navigation, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to its point of destination. The second mate was a young man twenty years old, able to take the helm but ignorant of the process of making observations.

The woman then assumed the command of the vessel, boxed the compass, took observations, ascertained the latitude and longitude, maintained her place upon the bridge and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days, during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, the Captain's wife, worn out and exhausted with her labors, conducted the vessel with its valuable cargo safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. A purse was made up for her on her arrival.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MARRIED,

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sept. 28, 1875, by Capt. H. H. Brown, WM. H. ANDREWS, M.D., of Calamus, Ia., and Mrs. A. V. EDGERTON, M.D., late of Milwaukee, Wis.

The above are two public mediums and physicians, well known in Iowa and parts of Ill. and Wis. Mrs. Edgerton-Andrews still proposes to use her mediumship as heretofore, and thus, by uniting their powers, the cause has gained. They contemplate visiting the East professionally before long, and I bespeak for them a cordial reception as worthy mediums and workers.

Capt. H. H. B.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address, Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN, Box 1205, Adrian, Mich.

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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[E. V. WILSON.]

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

[LOMBARD, ILL.]

WHOLE No. 32.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone —
Thou, who dost know thy own —
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave —
Save, oh, save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
Save, oh, save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher,
But the arch fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave —
Save, oh, save!
From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From mirth that is but feigning;
From tears that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save!
From doubt, where all doubt,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow trends on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
Oh, set us free!
O let the sick dream fly
Where our false souls do lie,
Tossing continually!
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strife be reconciled,
All pains beguiled,
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

—Selected.

From the New York Tribune.

TILTON'S LECTURE.

WHAT THE GREAT PLAINTIFF THINKS OF "LIFE'S PROBLEM."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For all this kindness I thank you. It is a common instinct of human nature for a man to love his friends. [Applause.] Now I am to speak to you of the Problem of Life, and of course I do not mean Prof. Huxley's inquiry into life and its problems: whether the origin of matter is protoplasm or germ-cell. I mean this common, every-day life of ours, whose burdens we bear, whose praises we seek, whose vicissitudes are such a mystery, and whose functions are so little understood. Prof. Huxley's query is new, but mine is old, old as the ages, unsettled as the sea, and yet ever vital as human desire. For I suppose that every man who has had some fair share of human experience, that is, every man who has gone far enough into life to feel the burden and the heat of the day, every man who has stood at the altar of his marriage, looked into the cradle of his children, every man who has gone into what Wordsworth calls the years that bring the philosophical mind — every such man is often brought to a standstill in the midst of the hurly-burly that we call the world, to ask himself what is the function, what is the mystery, what is the problem of life? Solomon the wise man, considered it long, and at the end of all his learning and power and pleasure, his conclusion was, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Job, the patient man, dwelt upon it, only to find it gave him greater pain, until he put forth that most pitiful exclamation that ever rose out of a human heart, when he said: "Cursed be the day wherein I was born."

Well, then, if the Problem of Life has thus taxed the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, and brought that wisdom and that patience both to despair, it is a question which I shall undertake to discuss, but dare not hope to settle. What is life? I do not mean in the scientific, but in the popular, sense? And I suppose it is sufficiently accurate if I should say: "Here is the world spread around us, here is man placed in the midst of it, and the relation of man to the world is what we call life; and the great question is, how much is there in the world, and how much can a man get out of it for himself?" Now there are many good people inveighing against the world, and yet I think that, as God who made it called it good, it is unbecoming in man, for whom he made it, to pronounce it ill. For indeed it is a rich, wonderful, and glorious world. But man makes inventory of its contents. He counts its worth by the treasures which it holds. See what a stately planet God has given man to dwell upon! He created it not in a moment of divine haste, but in divine leisure. It was so created that man should have no opportunity to be disappointed with the work. What sciences have we! Calculating to-day's eclipse to the very nicety of the shadow of a shade, yea, weighing the sun, moon, and the stars in a scale almost as exact as that of the divine justice itself. What arts and industries do we see here! What temples of worship! What houses and homes are scattered up and down the earth like tents of an army covering the plains!

Why, what myriads of objects cover the earth for man's use! So numerous that not all the languages, living and dead, have names for them; so ample that life, even were the list recorded, would not be long enough to read it; yea, so multitudinous that the human mind has not capacity to grasp the catalogue. Well, then, it is very evident that there is a great deal in the world, if only every man could have it for himself, but out of all this abundance, how small is each man's individual share! Now, turn a man out into this embarrassment of arts and arm and equip him to gather as much of the world as he can. When he has done as much as man can do, how much does he possess? How large a proportion of the things of the world will he have? Well, give him health, perfect and uninterrupted; give him years, "three score and ten, and if by reason of strength, four score"; give him discipline, so that the finger is nimble and every faculty alive; give him opportunity, give him ambition, all there is in the desire for obtaining fame, for learning, for love — give all these, and send him out in the world, and how much can any man gather for his own? Suppose it were his ambition to be a landholder, how much of the earth's surface could one man possess? Suppose it were his ambition to be a book-reader, how many of the earth's volumes could one man read? Suppose it were his ambition to be a money-maker, how much of the earth's treasure can he carry in his purse? Now, you can give a man all that his eyes can see, all that his ears can hear, all that his hands can hold, all that his mind can learn, all that his heart can feel, yea, all that his soul can grasp, how much then can he possess, for his own pleasure, of all the world? Well now, perhaps you answer in Goldsmith's line, "Man wants but little here below." A friend of mine made a visit to the shaking Quakers, and seeing their various movements, said there was only little in muscular Christianity. They said it was that little they were trying to find. Well, now that is the principle upon which every man goes into the great world. It is the little that he is after. And how strange is the principle of choice. For instance, Paris is a world of itself, London is a world of itself. If you have been to Paris or London, what did you gather in those cities? Audubon went to Paris. What did he there see in Paris? The Louvre, Notre Dame, the Arch of Triumph? No. He has left notes. He simply records the fact that he saw doves feeding in the trees of the garden of the Tuileries. He went to

London. What did he see there? Did he note London Tower or Buckingham Palace? No. All he sees is a flock of wild ducks flying to the north. That is Audubon's choice. He who takes one course naturally leaves other courses. Therefore, the wisest man, the richest man, the greatest man, strive as he may, cannot master the world. His only chance is to fling aside his ambition to wear the purple, and to undertake to master himself. [Applause.]

The problem of life is to find out its object, and having found it, to follow it. The object of life is not for worth, nor for learning; no, not even for happiness. The object of life, in my view, is the development of human character. Suppose the problem of life were the attainment of wealth. How many men are rich? Suppose the problem of life were the attainment of power. How many men are powerful? Here and there is a powerful ring — since they are so mischievous, heaven be praised, they are comparatively few. Supposing the problem of life were fame. How many men are famous? I don't believe that of the millions that breathe the vital air around the globe to-night there is one who will not be forgotten a few centuries hence. How many of you on the spur could give me a fair catalogue of the Presidents of the United States? I don't mean who knows who is going to be the next President. [Laughter and applause.] It seems to be a foreordained gift of every American to cast that horoscope in advance. Suppose it were to attain happiness. How many men are happy in the world? Carlyle says happiness is cheap if we only apply to the right source.

Immortal is the story of the king whose malady could be cured only by wearing the shirt of a happy man, and the happy man, when found, had no shirt. How many of you dare to confess to being happy men. [Laughter and applause.] Why, ladies and gentlemen, you appear to be in so merry a humor, I half suspect you dare not unbutton your vests. I say again the Problem of Life consists in none of these elements, for over none of these has man any control. Once again let me repeat, the Problem of Life is the development of character. A man's character is something not only in his own keeping, but is of his own making. Ah, I say character; I do not mean reputation. A man's character is what he is. A man's reputation is what people imagine him to be. [Applause.] Character is one thing, reputation another, sometimes as far apart as the East and the West, sometimes as different as the day and the night. Character and reputation! Why, the greatest character in all history made himself no reputation. [Applause.] Public men are constantly making and losing reputation, as the stars go down and come up; but there is this difference, the star that sets may rise again, but the star that falls is lost forever. [Applause.] Well, then, since we are driven from reputation back to character, what is character? Now I think the flowers in a garden are not more numerous than the types of character in the world. Compare Captain Jack of the Modocs with Prof. Agassiz, Cato the patriot with Catiline the traitor. Measure the difference between cruelty and gentleness. Measure the difference between sadness and mirth. Here Carthusian silence; there the Roman carnival. Human nature is many-sided and myriad-minded. It is Stoic and Epicurean; it is celibate and social; it is brutal and gentle; it is ascetic and bacchanalian; it is infidel and devout. All these diverse elements lie in the human heart, sometimes at peace, oftentimes at war, and the wise man seeking the development of the Problem of Life, looking at these opposing forces, will undertake to deal healthfully with all, abnormally with none. For instance, pleasure — you are to seek it, likewise to despise it. Pain — you are to shun it, likewise to endure it. Passion — you are to give it the loose rein, likewise the strong curb. Death — you are to summon all science against it; then, when this is vain,

you are to evoke all the fortitude you can to meet it.

Now in the midst of this contrariety of types of character, has it ever occurred to you to ask the question, what is the proper estimate of character? I think I give a sufficiently correct answer when I say that, as times go, a good character is one that consists of a certain number of elements which we call cardinal virtues, fortitude, purity, sobriety, charity. But you ask me how many of these must exist in a man in order to entitle him to the possession of cardinal virtues. There used to be a cry in the army times that you could not purchase all the virtues for \$13 a month. I believe it is the same yet to this day. Then the question arises, How virtuous must virtue be in order to be cardinal? Kind, well, how kind? Patient, well, how patient? Truthful, well, how truthful? In view of these inquiries, I want to take up a number of these virtues for illustration and application. Here, for instance, is fortitude. Can you hold your hand in the fire until it dropped from the wrist? Cranmer did it. Mucius Scaevola did it. One a Christian, the other a Pagan; therefore, it was no peculiarity of religion, but simply uncommon strength of human nature. [Applause.]

Miles O'Reilly told me once a story of a brave Irish soldier in a hospital whose arm was obliged to be amputated. The question was asked him whether it should be amputated between the wrist and the elbow, or between the shoulder and the elbow. Pat replied, "Cut it off as you please; only leave me enough to hug my girl with." It took a stalwart, brawny man to say that. Bishop Heber, of Calcutta, has left on record that he saw a fakir who had kept his right hand clinched for so many days, months, years, that the nails grew backward and upward and downward. There are instances of Turks who have made pilgrimages to Mohammed's tomb, and having gazed upon it once, put out their eyes, so that they should never look upon anything less holy. Brutus, in the name of justice, delivered his son to the executioner. Virginius, in the name of honor, gave up his daughter to the dagger. These, and hundreds of other instances, show the capacity of human nature for fortitude. Fortitude in the midst of martyr-fires, as when Latimer said to Ridley at the stake, "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley, for we have this day lighted a candle in England which no man shall put out." Fortitude in the midst of wild beasts, as Ignatius said, "I am God's wheat. Let the lion's teeth grind on me." Fortitude on the scaffold, when Raleigh cried out to the executioner, "Strike, man! What have you to fear?" Fortitude in the presence of death, as on the Cumberland in the late war, when every man on board stood at his post of duty, and every man went down — to rise immortal. [Loud applause.] Fortitude in the midst of affliction touching the heart's core, like a French general who in the midst of a fight received intelligence of the death of his son. He dropped a natural tear, and then said, "I must win this battle to-day. To-morrow I will mourn for my son." Fortitude in the midst of hardships, as when Garibaldi pronounced that manifesto which went ringing round the world, "Whosoever is in love with cold, hunger, disease, death, let him follow me."

These are examples of the capacity of the human heart for fortitude. We hear it said, "Man's spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." It is a slander on human nature. The flesh has all the iron strength of that God-given will which is a part of God himself. It was strong enough to enable Samson to bear off the gates of Gaza, to enable Atlas to elevate the earth on his shoulders. It enables many a feeble woman in the birth-giving hour to bear all the agonies of life and death. Now the Problem of Life, which is the development of character, comes to every man, and he should ask himself whether his heart is sufficiently guarded by fortitude, which, of all the cardinal virtues, excels in strength.

Well, take another virtue — courage. Fortitude bears pain; courage braves peril. I am

perfectly aware that common life—such as you and I live—does not abound in uncommon incidents. Ordinary men in our day are called upon to display, not physical, but moral courage. Well, which of these is most important? Now, Gibbon, the author of the "Decline and Fall," gave it as his opinion that the highest quality in man was that which led him to the battle-field. On the other hand many hold that the greatest quality is moral courage. There are men who go fearlessly to the battle-field who would not dare in their own tents to face the jeers of their comrades. Now, I think among us Americans there is hardly a name held in greater reverence than John Hampden. Why? Because he poured his blood on the battle-field. Other men have done the same, and gone down to forgetfulness. His fame lies in the fact that at an opportune time he struck a blow at oppression and wrong.

Now, in Scotland there is a gate with this inscription: "They say. What say they? Let them say." Did you ever see a house in New York with that inscription? How many brave spirited gentlemen among you are in the habit of calling a spade a spade? How many of you fear to do it lest it should turn into a shovel and shovel you into the earth? Suppose you had lost your faith in the Thirty-nine Articles, would you dare to say so? Suppose you had come to the conclusion that the Temperance cause was a failure, would you say so? Suppose you had come to the conclusion that trial by jury was a failure, would you say so? [Applause.] My venerable friend, Orestes A. Brownson, said that he knelt with a negro at either elbow. Did you ever witness such a spectacle in New York? I believe it would take the courage of Martin Luther himself to reproduce that spectacle next Sunday in Boston.

Well, take veracity, or the briefer word, truthfulness. In the sacred sentences of holy writ, King David said, "All men are liars." The clerk lies to his employer, the merchant lies to his patrons, the politician lies to his constituents. Ellen Walker could have saved her sister by telling a lie; instead of it she told the truth, and in consequence her sister was doomed to death. Now, thousands of men despise her character and assert that she should have saved her sister by telling a falsehood. I do not intend to comment upon this; I only adduce the illustration to show that there is in human nature an impulse to tell the truth. That falsehoods should be so numerous is to be regretted. The merchant will send his clerk with a lie to his neighbor. The cultivated lady will dispatch her servant to the door with a lie so as to send the caller home. Now, the problem of life, if it be the making of character, comes down to us sounding out the eternal watchword, "Buy the truth and sell it not, for a lying lip God abhors."

Well, take another—magnanimity. A brilliant French officer whenever he was victorious took his pen and wrote in the dispatches, "We gained the battle," sharing the glory with his comrades. When he was defeated, he wrote "I lost the battle," taking the blame on himself. The Greek, when his shoes were stolen, lifted himself and said, "May they fit the feet that ran away with them." [Laughter.] Now are these capacities placed in human nature to be exercised or not, and if exercised, on what occasion? Why just on that occasion when the blow tingles with the fiercest fire, then is the moment you are to give back the soft answer that turneth away wrath. [Applause.] I think that God's design for man is not the enjoyment of life, but the forgiveness of sin, and yet Andrew Fuller said that multitudes of men despised the Lord's Prayer, for no other reason than that it imputed the habit to men of forgiving one another their sins. Our civilization has not blotted out the doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Is this a Christian country? Yes, to a degree; but it is a country in which a man forgives an injury at the cost of a reputation. [Applause.] Now, the Problem of Life coming to every man making search for character, comes bringing the Divine message of the golden rule. "Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, do even so unto them." Now, you have been in the habit of hearing these and other cardinal elements of character, called sometimes ancient virtues, sometimes Spartan virtues, sometimes Roman virtues, sometimes Puritan virtues, sometimes old-fashioned virtues! Oh, yes, virtues of the past they are proclaimed, but who says they are virtues of to-day? I believe the present is better than the past. Nevertheless, there are points of antique virtue in the past that have been lost in the past, and if they could be received with the crown on their head and the scepter in their hands and they could govern society, better would it be for mankind. [Applause.]

Going to the Olympian games was so magnificent that Alexander would have been glad to have been a competitor if he could have worn the wreath. And what was the struggle for? Nothing but a wreath of laurel. At these games, between the chariot races, Herodotus read the many volumes of his history. Last summer we had at the hippodrome, under the banion of Mr. Barnum, a revival of the Roman races, with 30,000 people to witness them. What if between those races Mr. Bancroft had been invited to deliver his eleven volumes of his history of the United States. [Laughter and applause.] The modern brain could not endure it. But how did those Greeks celebrate the victories at war? By the garland and the oration. But never by the brazen statue or the marble monument. Why? Because they held it dishonoring to human nature to perpetuate in marble and brass the enemies of nations.

But when one of our Senators endeavored to blot out the immemorial memories between the North and the South, his own State stamped his name with dishonor, and never erased it until death swallowed him up in immortality. [Loud applause.] Do you tell me there is anything in the present that can stand comparison with the past? The Romans ordered a statue, and when it was completed they resolved that the most upright man among them all should be sent to convey it home. Well, consider if you can, the New York Legislature giving an order for a statue of St. Paul to be made in Rome, and when the work was done they should meet in Albany, and resolve that the most righteous man should bring it home! [Applause and laughter.] The Paracels say that there is no greater crime than—what, murder, arson, forgery?—there is no greater crime than to buy grain and to keep it until it becomes dear, for it produces misery and famine. Well, is there any such opinion now of the grain market, or the stock market, or the gold market?

Oh, Present! hide your head in face of the past. When Spain governed Europe as Rome had done, the proverb was uttered, "He that would be rich in a year, they will hang him in a half a year." Conceive Daniel Drew or Jay Gould hanging that motto on the gold board. Thomas Jefferson sleeps under a monument which records the fact that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence, but it makes no mention of the fact that he was President of the United States. How that monument of a hundred years ago rebukes that ambition in our time which, whether in leader or lackey, clamors for a third term. [Applause.] We have need of these virtues. Look at the arts of livelihood. Here is the mechanic, a very important element in society, just now in revolt, 15,000 strong. I do not know the merits of this case, and I shall not discuss it. But here is American business working with a determination that out-decimates decimals. Buy at six months' credit and sell at six months' credit. What is a promissory note? It is what a man does when, knowing he has no money in the bank, he takes his pen, and says, "A man from the West is coming into my store; he is pleased; he buys; he will pay me when he is paid, and when he pays me, then I will pay." This is business on the credit system. I don't say the credit system should be rubbed out. As business in this country is carried on at a higher rate of interest than elsewhere, therefore business must be carried on on a sounder integrity than elsewhere. Bishop Clark has said that the frontal of this country carries the word, "fraud." Perhaps this is not proved by Credit Mobiliier, which was overthrown, or by the shoddy contracts of the war. Perhaps you say these are exceptional, and that you can't condemn business for what business itself condemns. In ancient times, Lycurgus, in Sparta, legalized theft. Why? He said the people ought to have the spirit of attack and also the spirit of defense. Now, go to Wall street, where stocks are at 100 in the morning, 90 at noon, 95 at night, and 120 the next morning. What is the meaning of this enthroning and dethroning of stocks in a day? (Wall street is the lane where men are tossed on the horns of "bulls" and torn by the teeth of the "bears.") What is it but the Spartan idea of attack and defense stripped of the courageousness that it there had?

The Problem of Life being the development of character, it is proper to ask, What character are you developing in your children? Permit me to say, as the result of wide travel over our land, that I consider the children of this generation ought to be trained after a higher and loftier type of character. "Honor thy father and thy mother"; it was written in the Decalogue as if the Author had meant to signify that respect for parents constituted one-tenth of the sum total of human duty. I do say that in our society, among the young there is a sad want of respect for parents, for age, and for law. A friend of mine has just returned from Prussia. He saw fruit-trees along the highway, and remarked to a bystander that in this country they could not be kept; that they would be stripped in a night. "Why," said the bystander, "have you no schools in your country?" Still it is held that every American boy has a right to swim against the parental edict, to smoke on the sly, to whip the teacher, and to run, if he can, through the gates of the ferry-house.

Well now, it is not their fault. You don't put before them an ideal sufficiently high. The child should be taught to scorn a lie, to abhor a meanness, to dread a defilement, to shudder at an oath, to reverence authority. But you answer, Are there not many methods in vogue for all this—day-schools, Sunday-schools, and family instruction? All are good, but add to them another. Take advantage of the tender years of childhood to give to them the benefit of the deeds of persons as presented in history. Make your boys familiar with the heroes of history; make your girls familiar with the heroines of history. I do not mean by heroes those men who crowd battle-fields with gore; but give to them the story of Thermopylae and the Three Hundred, give to them the story of John Howard, give to them the story of Patrick Henry, and the cry of "Liberty or Death," give to them the story of Captain Lawrence, and how he cried "Don't give up the ship," give to them the story of Abraham Lincoln, who went up to Heaven with six million broken fetters in his hand. [Long applause.] Ah, my friends, let no cold blood among you say this is a Utopian theory, and say the ideal is too high to set before children. The child should

be taught to read Plutarch, Bunyan, and the Bible. "The child is father of the man."

Now the world has been reaching a higher and higher opinion of woman. Go back to Calvary. Woman was the last at the cross, and the first at the grave. Compare China and Europe in the matter of woman. The religion of Peking and Canton goes into its temple and says that woman has no soul, but the religion of Rome and Moscow says that woman is the most immaculate of all created souls. [Applause.] In the East, it was asked what was lighter than a feather, and the answer was air. What is lighter than air? Thought. And what is lighter than thought? Dream. What is lighter than a dream? Woman. And what is lighter than woman? Nothing. [Laughter.] The time is gone when woman is nothing. Why, when De Toqueville returned home from his visit to this country, he said if he were asked to account for the pre-eminence of America among the nations of the earth, he should ascribe it to the superiority of its women. We have in this country two standards of virtue, one applicable to men and the other to women; and they are as wide apart as the poles. A man and woman unite to commit a venial sin. The man goes out free with hardly a shadow on his brow. But society does not permit the forgiveness of a woman's sins. Now, this age has two things to ask touching woman. One is something for women, the other is something of women. For woman, what? Wages, education, enfranchisement, all these things. Then of woman, what? That the women of this country shall judge men by the same standard of morality by which men now judge women. [Long applause.]

Coming down on the cars to-day I took up the speech of Governor Tilden, in which he said it had cost \$700,000,000 yearly for the last two years to run the Government. It has been said that the city of Washington is so corrupt that the man in the moon holds his nose when he goes over it. There must be in this country a higher moral equality in what has been called the spirit of law. So, too, in looking at the Problem of Life, one comes to habit, which is second nature; to education, which forms the common mind; to science, often falsely so called; yea, and to religion, which is often a pious fraud. [Applause.] Ah! we need a higher ideal of moral integrity, of personal honor, of virtuous conversation, of sanctity of life, of reverence for Heaven.

I have told you I was not able to solve the Problem of Life. There shall come a day when it shall be solved; there shall come a day when this corruption must put on incorruption, when this mortal must put on immortality.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

IN MEMORY OF.

Such is the heading of innumerable memorials that are erected throughout this and other lands, to mark the place where men have deposited the remains of earthly companions, the last landmark of the evidence of your Creator's links of the material chain of his wonderful structure, that earthly time has corroded, and separated from the visible action of the machinery of human life; links of various sizes, and of strength, comeliness, and distortion, but all of equal value in the connection of his design.

So familiar has become this heading that not one person in a thousand enquires into its origin, or gives it a second thought. Men erect the tombstone over the grave, and regard it as the last tribute to "memory," a last duty to a friend or relative, and never pause to consider its importance and its trust. Such is the influence of custom and fashion, the levelers of human respect and the destroyers of human affection; such is habit, that men blindly follow the finger tracing of the past, walk the pathway of others, irrespective of its importance, and unconscious of its future too. How many are the lines of thought evidence, that paper, wood, and stone record of "memory"; how various are the phrases used; how beautiful are ideas conveyed; how rich and lovely are the expressions; but alas, how meaningless have the majority of these records proven.

In memory of. In Tribute to. In Hope and Trust. Are embodiments of noble thoughts and high appreciation, but alas, of fleeting duration, and oftentimes of misapplication. Such are the tokens upon Earth's surface this day; such are the monuments of the past, used as recorders of the past, without an idea that they are also revealing tokens for futurity, registers for all after requirements, an accusation for a judgment of equity, love, and truth.

My introduction is peculiar, as suitable to my tale; its record is peculiar, but its truth is undeniable; the curtain that has been wrapped around my memory hides every defect and places the record of my life unjustly before the world; but all is in vain. Man may endeavor to conceal, but eternity unfolds; mundane time and fashion may labor to hide and apolo-

close and His justice will expose. Man's record, in memory of, and futurity's revelation differ widely in their intention and purpose. The command, "Let there be light," never shines in its thunder tones throughout creation, and is opening every dark avenue of space, illuminating for a brightness indescribable to man, so that not one speck of darkness shall conceal or pervert a truth on this Earth. Her records shall be torn in pieces; her curtains in shreds, and her monuments shall point to a volume of confessions that will lay the foundation of a future consideration of the character of human greatness, manifesting the difference between Truth as a reality and Sophistry as a liar.

I am thus plain in language in order to impress with earnestness my feelings, and to assure you that the time has dawned when error is to be shorn of her trappings, and the pride and worldly policy of man unveiled. Life and its varied phases are to be depicted by the pen of Truth, in order that men may learn that stern reality in all its apparent crudity is better than the flimsy polish of artificial policy. You are not to be ashamed of Nature when she exhibits in any of her family this seeming rudeness and ignorance; you are not to judge two of her children by the same rule and condemn the rough outline because it is not as perfect as the polished type. There is no fault in Nature, her works are perfect in their order of materials and formation; she works by laws you do not comprehend, that are ever combining atomic particles together so as to form bodies for the Spirit intelligence, and by an everlasting principle, no two forms can be alike; hence the folly of man's judgment, his plexity and incongruity, his arrogance and self conceit that prompts a tiny mortal to censure and abuse his fellow, or sympathetically praise him. The entire practice of ethics is based in a community idea, not in a natural delineation of the Creator's works. The majority of the human race are at enmity with the minority upon this rule of morality, or science of moral training; hence, the misery that is daily experienced and exhibited in your courts of public exposure. Nature is divided by false accusations, and trampled upon by injudicious penalties, so that vice is concealed, not eradicated, by your reformatory application of temporary power.

All these follies are to end, and only can this end be reached by man learning to comprehend the law of his own nature, as a guiding rule by which he may judge his neighbor, and how is this to be accomplished? Can the active pursuits of life, as necessitated by the rules of the 19th century, compel the human race to stop in their love for gain, or pause in their schemes of ambition? Will the merchant, the broker, the artist, or the scientist stay their pursuits in order to reform their rules or code of laws, that decrees penalties for infringements of moral right, and the restraining of the power of the infringer? Is Commerce to stay her enterprise in order to enquire into wiser plans of restriction than those she now has, to arrest the forger, the thief, the perjurer, and the trickster? Are her laws to punish or reward; are they to limit aggression or promote the safety of commercial intercourse? You ask in amazement, and we reply, that your whole code is a fiction of delusion, a snare, that ignorance has placed under a covering of an artificial polity, that is wrecking your commercial probity, and your scientific knowledge. You are at war with yourselves, one man hating another, whether as laborers, mechanics, merchants, or professors. Enmity is the fruit of your intercourse, contestation and war the result of your faith. Cupidity blinds you, and you reap the results by its law of violence and destruction.

Such is our picture of your life as mortals viewed from the spheres of Spirit existence, and as experience has taught us that our existence is for everlasting, and your intercourse with each other, as mortals, is limited; but your conditions, as spirits, is linked with us, and built up by your temporal deeds, we come among you as true reformers, true detectives, true judges, and faithful advisers. We will point out your crimes, unmask your hypocrites, punish with a reformatory exposure your thieves, perjurers, and tricksters; we will show you where the foundation of these errors lie, and disrobe your system of community intercourse, of its tinsel trappings, of selfish pride and bigoted ignorance, so that, through a series of singular phenomena, commercial disturbance, national dishonesty, and individual ex-

posure, the necessary reaction will be inaugurated and an entire revision of your laws be undertaken. Reflection, based in experience, will reform the entire nation and introduce into this land a principle of equity and justice, not as yet traceable in her as a nation. This also is the duty of Spiritualism, and the coming generations will witness its advent; but as all important changes are preceded by irruptive causes in every avenue of material life, so you are now entering upon those violent commotions that Nature ever uses to beautify and adorn her works.

There appears a singular deficiency in the daily thought of man; he appears to consider that the earth and its productions are specially provided for him, and that his residence on the surface is to be distinguished by his acts tending to the subjugation of each and every production; he enacts as if he were a distinct creation, sent upon the globe to disfigure it by the varied deeds of fanciful feeling; his every motion is based upon subjugation as if it were a duty connected with his existence, and he wars with nature perpetually, not being content with one of your efforts, but always studying to change, alter, arrange and re-arrange, every production; working upon the product from the surface, without considering the laws by which Nature had produced the exhibit; hence, his labor is very superficial and attended with unnecessary exertion, impairing both his own physical and mental forces. This peculiarity in the human race arises from superficial training and ignorant education; man being taught by his parents, teachers, and friends to consider that his first duty is self preservation; secondly, to provide, according to the formula of association rules, for the maintenance of his family, and these rules of providing are classified into a series of special applications, denominated science, commerce, and theology; each having their distinguishing methods, formulas, and teachers, who enforce obedience to coercive rules by application of penalties that act upon the mental forces, through fear, occasioning distress, doubt, anger, malice, and revenge. There is not one classification of these three methods, that degeneracy of the mind and enervation of the physical frame cannot be distinguishingly traced, and year after year is introducing increasing evidences of decay, by the adoption of injurious habits, ingenious devices for the augmentation of individual influence, position and power, the accumulation of riches (or a superabundant supply of material productions) is greedily studied, and wickedly applied to the impoverishment and destruction of each other, not the useful application of a universal benefit. Individual superiority as accumulators is carefully considered, aimed for, and indulged in, and the selfish influence is traceable in every being according to the success of his and their plans of increase; this peculiarity is as destructive to the welfare of the human race, as much so as the preying elements of animals upon one another, especially in the feline race. Men of this century exhibit toward one another as much cunning, malice, and anger, as you can observe among the carnivorous animals of the South; the only difference is the method adopted, as required by the habits of life.

I am conscious that these remarks will be received with prejudice, levity, and abuse; but reflection will compel confession of their truthfulness, when you peruse the exposure of commercial practices, as the following "Tale of Life" will unfold, and there will be found many, I am proud to foresee, who will trace in their individual experiences, evidences of my truthfulness, and wish, in their minds, that power was given to arrest, punish, and degrade the practices now disfiguring commercial intercourse, as innovations upon that equity that can alone establish a true basis of honesty and truth.

It is recorded in your Bible that the Creator has declared that with justice he will judge the world, and the people with equity, and in this truth I feel that there is a Power that will, according to laws invisible to man, so purify the exposure, the lives, habits, customs, and secret practices of individual accumulators, that the coming generation of the human family will inaugurate a purer system of ethical educational training, by which this entire nation will change as one man, and become the bright star that shall guide the commerce of the world; but many years will yet elapse, many changes occur in your government, and national intercourse, before these alterations will be effected; but come it will, and they who

now suffer on the earth from the effects of your present system of folly and selfish madness, shall be the leaders of the reformation, from their homes and schools in Spirit life; for the purification of matter, in all its phases of crudity and opaqueness, is the law of progress and that law will annihilate each and every cloud that obscures the earth, and men will learn thereby that equity to each other is love to God, and adoration of their Creator is reverence to justice.

With these few prefatory remarks, permit me to introduce my confession as a tale that is told. Truth shall guide the pen, and the scribe shall fearlessly perform his duty.

New York, 15th August, 1875.

A TALE OF LIFE; OR THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

"Each word we speak, each thought we write,
Through future ages wings its way;
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray."

"I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

THE HAIR.

BY PROF. VAN HYATT.

Neither Moses, the Prophets, nor the Apostles, gave us any special legislation as to how the hair of the head should be worn, but incautiously left it an open question. It is very amusing to observe the various customs and notions that have prevailed in different ages and nations.

By the Jews, hair was worn naturally long, just as it grew; but the priests had theirs cut every fortnight, while they were in waiting at the temple. They made use of no razor, but scissors only. Black hair was esteemed by them as most beautiful. Absalom's hair was cut once per year, and weighed 200 shekels, about 31 ounces.

The Grecian and Roman ladies wore their hair long, and ornamented it in various ways. On the contrary, the men among the Greeks and Romans wore their hair short. Among the Greeks both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair to their favorite Deities. It was also customary to hang the hair of the dead upon the doors of their houses previous to interment. They likewise tore, cut off, and sometimes shaved their hair, when mourning for their deceased friends or relations, which they laid upon the corpse, or threw it into the pile to be consumed, together with the body.

The ancients imagined that no person could die until a lock of hair was cut off, and this act they supposed was performed by the invisible hand of death, Iris, or some other messenger of the gods. This hair, thus cut off, they fancied consecrated the person to the infernal deities, under whose jurisdiction the dead were supposed to be. It was a sort of first fruits which sanctified the whole.

The slaves of Greece were not allowed to imitate the freemen, hence wore their hair very short, like the convicts in our State prisons.

Among the ancient Gauls it was esteemed a notable honor to have the hair long. For this reason Julius Cæsar, upon subduing them, made them cut off their hair as a token of submission. Those who retired to cloisters shaved their heads, to show they abandoned the world and vowed perpetual submission to their superiors.

Gregory of Tours assures us that in the royal family of France it was, for a long time, a peculiar mark of kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair, artfully dressed and curled. Everyone else was obliged to be polled, or cut round, as a token of inferiority and obedience. Some writers assure us that there were different cuts for all the different qualities and conditions, from the prince, who wore the hair at full length, to the slave or villain, who wore it quite cropped. Here originated our custom of shaving the heads of our "Penitentiary birds." To cut off the hair of a son of France under the first race of kings, was to declare him excluded from the right of succeeding to the crown, and reduced to the condition of a subject.

In the eighth century it was the custom of the people of quality to have their children's hair cut the first time by persons for whom they had particular esteem and honor; who in virtue of this ceremony were reputed a sort of

Spiritual god-father to the child. Constantine sent the Pope the hair of his son Heraclius, as a token that he desired him to be his son's adopted god-father and Spiritual adviser.

As Christianity progressed, long hair became more and more obnoxious, as wholly inconsistent with persons who bore the cross of Jesus, and many were the pious injunctions against it. Pope Anicetus is supposed to have been the first to cry out against the clergy wearing long hair, but the prohibition is much older in Eastern churches. The clerical tonsure is related by Isidore Hispalensis, as of apostolic institution.

Long hair was held so odious that there is still a canon extant, of the year 1096, importing that such as wore long hair should be excluded from coming into the church while living, and not be prayed for when dead. We have a furious declamation of Luitprand against the emperor Phocas, for wearing long hair, after the manner of the other emperors of the East. Theophilus who, being bald, enjoined all his subjects to shave their heads. Charlemagne wore his hair short, his son still shorter, and Charles the Bald had none at all.

Under Hugh Capet, the hair began to appear again. This the ecclesiastics took in high dudgeon, and excommunicated all who let their hair grow. Peter Lombard pressed the matter so warmly with Charles the Young, that he cut off his hair; and his successors for some generations wore it very short. A learned professor of Utrecht, in 1650, wrote expressly on the question, "Whether it be lawful for men to wear long hair," and in summing up his arguments, his verdict was in the negative. Reeves, another learned divine, replied in the affirmative.

The ancient Britons were very proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and took great pains in dressing and adorning their heads. It was the dying request of the young warrior, when taken prisoner and condemned to death, that no slave be permitted to touch his hair, and that it be not stained with his blood. The beautiful men and women described by Ossian all have long hair. Boadicea, queen of Icen, is described by Dio as having very long hair, flowing over her shoulders and reaching down below the middle of her back. The Britons shaved all their beards except the upper lip, the hair of which they, as well as the Gauls, allowed to grow to a very inconvenient length. In after-times the Danes and Anglo-Saxons considered long hair as one of the greatest beauties and ornaments of their persons, and were at much trouble in dressing it to advantage. Young ladies before marriage wore their hair uncovered and untied, but as soon as they were married they cut it shorter, tied it up, and put on a head-dress. To have the hair entirely cut off was the greatest punishment inflicted on a lady.

The clergy, both secular and regular, were obliged to shave the crowns of their heads and keep their hair short, to distinguish them from the laity, and several laws of the Church were enacted against their concealing their shaved crowns, or allowing their hair to grow long. The shape of this clerical tonsure was the subject of long and violent debates, between the English clergy on one side, and those of the Scots and Picts on the other. The English wanted it circular, the others semi-circular. The tonsure of the clergy was considered a great mortification and self-denial, to which many submitted very reluctantly, and endeavored to keep it concealed from the public. Some of the clergy affected sanctity, and hurled their anathemas against the laity for wearing long hair, exhorting them to cut in short in imitation of the clergy. Thus the famous St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, declaimed with great vehemence against luxuries of all kinds, but chiefly against long hair, as being most criminal and universal. This holy prelate was bold in reproving wickedness, but was most bitter against those fond of long hair. He carried a long sharp knife, and when anyone with long hair bowed before him to receive his blessing, he first cut off the hair and then bestowed his blessing. If any of them refused, he pronounced the most dreadful judgments against them. Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, went so far as to excommunicate all who wore long hair, and was much esteemed for his holy zeal. Serlo, a Norman bishop, gained great honor by a sermon preached before Henry I., A. D. 1104, against long curled hair, worn by the king and all his courtiers. They were much affected by the discourse, and the prudent prelate gave them no time to change their

minds, but descended from the pulpit and with a pair of scissors, which he had concealed in his sleeve, performed the mission of barber with his own hands.

The ladies were in the habit of putting up their hair in top-knots, a fashion which met with severe denunciations from the clergy of England. The Scriptures were searched from Genesis to Revelations, but no text to fit the aggravating case could be found. At length a reverend made the much wished for discovery, "Let him that is upon the housetop not come down," emphatically meant hair, and this divine preached a very animated discourse from the latter clause of the text, "*top not come down.*"

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Aug. 14, '75.

BRO. WILSON: What is there in the way of uniting all of the Spiritualists again? They have been divided, very much divided, and you yourself have sometimes appeared in such a mazy appearance that we had to question ourselves whether you were on one side, the other, or neither; but have now come to the conclusion that you ever endeavored to "strike a balance" and come as nearly as possible to the bright and "happy mean."

Spiritualism has come to give us a better knowledge of the future life; also, through this knowledge to teach us how the better to live this life. The Conservatives leaned more strongly to the side of giving all of their time to learning about the next life, while the Radicals, on the other hand, preferred to confine their efforts more exclusively to improving the "dark" ways of mortals. Each were right, each meant well, each erred a little in judgment, and now since either have discovered their mistake, why can't each be just a little forgiving, and the thing is done.

Spiritualism would be comparatively dry if it only gave additional light of the hereafter, also it would be barren of results, if it failed to advance our earth conditions. Better meaning people have not lived than the Social Reformers, also the Conservatives; each were too tenacious of their hobby, and crowded their position to extremes, which extremes have to be toned down, after the manner of the artist in finishing up a picture. To my way of looking at the "signs," the "harmonial philosophy" will harmonize us around some popular course at last.

E. W. BALDWIN.

REMARKS.—Bro. Baldwin's letter is to the point and full of pith. The only thing in the way is Conservatism. The Radical is always right, and has never yet done wrong. The wrong ever lies with that party, power, or person who seeks to compel the acceptance of its idea. The moment you undertake to force the reformer to accept or endorse what he seeks to reform, that moment you conflict with his Christ idea. Had the reformers of every age their way, there would be continued peace.

Our position is this. Agitation with words of wisdom. We wear the shoulder straps of no party, person or clique; we have ever sought to do the right; we advocate a free platform, free speech and the freedom of the press. You nor none else can form a correct opinion or render a just judgment until we have heard the cause on both sides, and the moment we refuse to hear the accused in his or her cause, that moment we confess one of three things:

1. That we can't meet the case, and are not a match for our opponents;
2. That we are guilty of what we wish to suppress; or,
3. We are superstitious and full of bigotry.

In Mr. Stebbins' answer to Mrs. Severance's lecture at Dubuque, Ia., he was able, but too bitter, and lost much of the influence his lecture would have produced, but for this spirit of bitterness. Mr. Jones, in his attacks on Mrs. Woodhull, lost caste in stooping to vulgar, bitter vituperation. Our course has been and always will be, to hear all sides and accept that which we understand. And instead of abusing parties, conventions, and persons, we would reason with them and vote them into order and out of their follies.

Thus has the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists moved steadily on in its work of truth, love and charity, and we stand proudly on our platform of right, not an ite or ism, but humanity and progress do we recognize.—Ed.

The high-minded and the low-minded come in contact without mixing, like oil and water.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

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TO OUR READERS.

We are behind-hand with our work; indeed it is crowding us. What with speaking, writing our paper, answering correspondence, meeting our financial obligations, running our farm, watching in anxiety the failing health of darling Farmer Mary, we have our hands full, hence we are behind-hand. We trust, however, to be fully up with our work by the 1st of January, 1876, and from that time out keep even with our work, and drive it, instead of being driven by our work.

Twenty hours out of every twenty-four have we toiled since the 26th of July. On that day the devilish spirit of spleen and hatred wrought its work on Farmer Mary, and her frail nature gave way. Ever since she has lain helpless in her room, eighty-six days, fifty-six of which we have watched faithfully by her side, and now, at this date, Oct. 19th, we hope for a return to her wonted usefulness, and then the burden will be lifted somewhat from off our shoulders. As it now is, it is heavy indeed.

Fourteen reasons why every Spiritualist should subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK:

1. It is the advocate of true Spiritualism, and knows no creed.
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11. You will find in its columns a greater variety of mental food than in any other paper of its size in the land.
12. It contains the most reliable test department of any paper ever published.
13. Every Spiritualist in the land ought to have it.
14. And finally, we are ready to send it to every one who will send us \$1.10. This will constitute you a member of the band of Spiritualists at work. Come, join our number, and let us meet in Philadelphia full ten thousand strong, on our one hundredth natal day, and have a grand old time—a glory day.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Mr. E. V. Wilson lectured last night, and delivered one of the most eloquent discourses we ever heard in Cairo."—*Cairo Daily Bulletin*, Sept. 30.

Post-mortem bickering—The Curse of the Catholic Bishop of Montreal upon the grounds wherein the bones of Guibord may be laid.

That bishop needs a halter, not around the neck but over the shoulders, and laid on with the hand and will of a Luther, or when he dies to be buried in the ground he has cursed.

"Moody and Sankey are greater than God." So says Talmage of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Well we are glad Moody has found his sphere, or that Talmage has found it for him. Now let Moody make Talmage his Christ, and we can tell him where to find his Judas, and then he will only have to find a Mary, and wait for a paroxysmal kiss, and Chicago is saved.

Schell, the murderer of Allie Laughlin, at Bellefontaine, died protesting his innocence. Allie had stray hairs in her hand, fourteen inches long, soft and brown. Query, whose head did these hairs come out of?

D. M. Bennett has accepted the testimony of Spiritualism. How is that for high, Brothers Mendum and Seaver? Well, we are glad of it, Bennett is a good fellow, and publishes the best Materialistic paper in the world. And now if Jones will only go over to Materialism, Spiritualism will receive two blessings in one year.

No. 32.

Of what? Of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Neat and clean-souled, has it sustained itself. We are proud of our pet.

No \$40,000 paid-up capital swallowed up in a twelve month by this paper, No. 32.

The frowning face of many honest men do not ask us, "What has become of our thousands?" No "Black list," will ever appear in our paper. No false quack medicines will be advertised in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; but the truth will ever be spoken, and the truth shall make us free. This freedom to us is precious, and our soul is joyous under its inspiration, and had we \$40,000 paid-up capital to-day, the interest of it would send 4,000 copies of this paper, twenty-six times a year, to the world, freighted with words of joy, soul-thoughts from those who have passed on, and who remember us in love.

No. 32 is full of grand thought, each page freighted with soul truths that bless. No viper sting in No. 32. No seed of death to sadden the soul of one pure Spiritualist at work.

Readers, remember that this paper does tell the truth; that its editor has but one wife, true, faithful, and pure, and he lives with her, and loves her as a man should love his wife. And this is true and worthy of notice, that to the best of our knowledge, we have not a contributor to our columns who does not believe in monogamy, the family compact, and the rights thereof, and besides we have not a contributor to this paper writing dirty things, shouting purity, and down with free-love, and yet have two or three wives laying around loose, or that keep a mistress.

Only think of it.

CHICAGO'S SHAME AND FALL FROM GRACE.

"Come to our help, Brother Moody. We need thee. Come and pray for us. And you, too, Sankey, come and sing with Moody, for God no more answers us by thummim, by urim, by dream or vision. He has deserted us." This is virtually the burden of the prayer of sixty-eight Chicago clergymen, in their petition to Moody and Sankey to visit Chicago this fall and bring with them the Holy Ghost. Shame on the men who call on God. You have fallen from grace and confess your inability to meet the wants of the people Spiritually; hence, you have fallen from grace.

Messrs. Clergymen, sell out to the Chicago Times, hand over the morals of the people to the press, and cease taking money under false pretences. And the false pretence is in the fact that you claim to be called of God to preach the Holy Spirit, for which you receive the people's money, and cannot give them what you contract to do.

Gentlemen, you had Moody with you, year after year, and he was no nearer God than you, had no more Spirituality than you, had just as little influence with the people as you have. He prayed, shouted for God and Christ,

but God did not hear him, and Christ did not come. Moody goes over the sea, and in England or Ireland gets something that is not of Chicago or America. He calls it holy. The Irish taste it and call it holy. He peddles it out to the English and they call it holy, and at London he goes into the wholesale business in this holy Spiritual trade, and leaves, after a fine business run in his holy traffic, for the United States, looks over the field, prepares for work, opens up in his native town. The Yankees taste it, smell it, look at it, and turn to Moody, shaking their heads, and exclaim, Moody, this won't do, there is nothing new in it. It is the same old stuff you went West with, years ago. A little hell, some fire, brimstone, sulphur, blood, devil, and magnetism, sweetened with Sankey, and it won't go down.

And now you call him to Chicago with his compound of hell-fire and damnation, and ask the Chicagoans to take it, and they, like his old friends in Yankee Land, will tell you it is the same old stew.

Well, well, gentlemen, have your way, and when you have converted the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, and its contents to follow Woodhull for Christ's sake, then try your hand at the Times, and if you succeed, we will begin to patch our knees with buckskin for a tussle with you. Selah.

CAIRO, ILL.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt in Illinois, the shire town of Alexander county, is literally the "Land's End" of Illinois, situated on a tongue of land lying between the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, 200 miles below St. Louis, 500 miles below Cincinnati. When standing on the extreme point of this land you look to the south "way down into Dixie." Turn to the left, looking east, and there lies Kentucky, with its story of the "dark and bloody ground," turn to the right, looking west, and there lies Missouri. Between these States and where we stand flows "la belle Ohio" on the left, on the right the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi river. Turn around, look northward, and before you spreads out the fourth State in the Union, Illinois, fifty-eight years ago a territory, then the home of savages and the haunt of wild beasts, now a garden, over which and through which floats and rolls the commerce of many States. Turning to the rivers on your right and on your left, you behold a new river every minute, for the swift flowing waters tarry not, but flow on and new waters take their place. Yesterday we stood on the levee, and saw the waters of fifteen States and Territories rolling by us, an empire of themselves, mingling their tears in the wedding of these rivers. Over our head the telegraph, on which our soul can send its thoughts to the uttermost parts of the world—only a few minutes of precious time between Cairo of the Nile and Cairo of the Mississippi and Ohio. On our right and left the iron rail on which rolls the iron horse, all ready for the race, and with tireless speed whirls you swiftly on from land's end to land's end. By us a palace floats, yea, many of them, freighted deep with the products of civilization. No longer the war whoop of the red man or the howl of the wolf or the screech of the panther is heard; no more the birchen canoe with its dusky pilot is seen. All have given place to the pale face, a race of strangers.

Yesterday, Sept. 30, we sat between two men, Col. Webb and Dr. Arter. It was at the tea table in the pleasant home of the doctor. Turning to the Colonel, we asked, "When did you come into this country?"

"In 1818, sir; the year Illinois became a State."

"The year we were born. And how old are you, Colonel?"

"Eighty-one past."

"And you, Doctor?"

"Seventy-eight past."

"And all these years you have lived here?"

"Yes."

"And are there any living now, Colonel, that were here when you came?"

"No, not one; all are gone and I alone am left. Last year my wife died, and soon I, too, will go."

"Great changes and mighty revolutions have taken place in your day, Colonel?"

"Yes, indeed."

Reader, we felt like a child as we sat between these two old men, either old enough to be our father, and yet we are a grandfather. And then as we listened to the pleasant voice of Col. Webb, when speaking of his inter-

views with Jackson, VanBuren, Benton, Clay, Douglas, Lincoln, Harrison, Taylor, and others; when he spoke of the Black Hawk and the Mexican wars, in both of which he took a part, we felt indeed a child by the side of this grand old soul, one of the first settlers of Illinois. And as we gazed into his eyes, and looked up to his massive brow and snow-white locks, we felt that the past and the present were shaking hands, saying to each other, Good evening, for to-morrow we will greet each other on the shining shores of the river of Life, beyond the Land's End of Time, and with the open country of Eternity before us.

In the evening we spoke in Liberal Hall. On our right and left sat these grand old men, we felt like the green young pine between two royal oaks, on whose scared brows the frost of a thousand winters had fallen, and standing thus we felt the inspiration of the past blending with the present, urging us on to the future. We cannot do better than to close this already too long article with the compliments of the *Cairo Daily Bulletin* of Oct. 1:

"Mr. E. V. Wilson lectured last night, and delivered one of the most eloquent discourses we have heard in Cairo."

OUR CAUSE—ITS GROWTH.

Spiritualism to-day is a revolution; it is progressive, hence opposed to creeds. It is aggressive, and must necessarily continue so; hence, cannot be at peace or in harmony with the ideas of existing religious institutions. It is culminating into a mighty power and that, too, without the help of a corrupt church or a bigoted priesthood. And yet, like Jesus, it enters unbidden the temples of God, and scourges the money-serving priests thereof. It is iconoclastic and aggressive, and has advanced from the tiny rap to a mental earthquake, a mental battery of heavy artillery, now bombarding every stronghold of the church and old conservatism. The Angel world are now marshalling their forces for the great battle-field of Agamemnon. Brave indeed will be the men and women through whom this revolution is brought about, and braver by far the army of great souls who face each other in that terrible day.

From the tiny rap, step by step, unbidden, unsought, uncalled for, the pioneer army or vanguard of spirits have made their approaches; beginning at the basic foundation, the family circle, and at the foot or bottom strata of society, it has advanced upward, onward, through circle after circle, from the little maid in the kitchen to the czar on his throne and the queen in her palace, knowing no great, no small, no rich or poor, no sinner or saint, no vice or virtue, no demon or God; knowing nothing save progression, with this watchword and countersign, "There is no Death!" "On to Immortality!" and echoing back from the mountains of God, over the plains of the Summer-Land to the shores of Time. "It is true. There is no Death." "Forward to Immortality."

First the individual, then the family, then society, the church, the schools, colleges, and temples of science, have been invaded, and their strongholds stormed. The domain of medicine, anatomy, law, science, each in its turn has taken up the wager of battle and lost it. The sick are healed; the poor are fed and clothed; the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear, and the gospel is preached to the poor. The hidden treasures of the earth are discovered, the depths of old sea and ocean are measured, mountains are scaled, science is faithommed, death routed, the dead resurrected, hell has been stormed, the devil conquered, and the valiant have attacked heaven and taken it.

Freedom is proclaimed everywhere, from the valley to the mountain-top. The yoke of slavery is broken, and the shackles are struck from the souls of all men, and all who wish may be free to breathe the pure air of Progress and to drink of the waters of life and live forever.

Only one class remain in bondage, Woman is not free, socially, politically, or religiously. For her the Spiritual world now draws the two edged sword of truth, and demands her elevation; demands that, in sin or virtue, she shall stand by the side of man, his equal in social, political, and religious life; demands that man shall sink as deep into the vortex of crime as does the woman; demands that she shall stand erect, side by side with him in sin, in righteousness, and that the man and woman who sin, sexually, socially, or politically, shall sink together, together rise; be blessed or cursed

each alike. This the army of immortals demand.

Hypocrites, liars, whores, male and female, thieves, robbers, and murderers, judgment awaits you. You are weighed in the balance and are found wanting. And you are ordered into the ranks of progress to work out your salvation.

The victory is ours, and all this the Angel world have accomplished in the short space of twenty-seven years. In twenty-three years more, or at the close of this century, we will be ready to put our ruler forward, who shall be the choice of an army of Progressionists, and shall rule with the strong arm of justice, for humanity and the right. So let it be.

Dictated by JOHN T. Most Worthy Grand Master of the Circle of Light.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

WONDERFUL MEDIUMSHIP.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 2, '75.

Feeling confident you desire to know the progress Spiritualism is making everywhere, I would speak somewhat upon the miracles (as they are termed) performed in our midst.

I have witnessed many phases of mediumship, many wonders connected with the phenomena of Spiritualism, but the most satisfactory evidence yet, of spirit return I received from Mrs. S. F. Breed, a rapping and test medium, whom I found at 13 O'Farrell street, in this city. I had heard of this lady's renown before visiting her.

I expected something altogether superior judging from rumors afloat daily, but after all, I was not prepared for the stunning tests she not only gave me but dozens of others the same evening, I attended her public seance. These gatherings must be witnessed to be realized or appreciated. The ignorant and brainless forget to scoff and sneer at her marvelous utterances, and the intelligent are more than ever anxious to investigate. The most refined and cultivated visit her, and many have been led to embrace the glorious knowledge of immortality through the light disseminated by this medium.

I have known this lady to give no less than six full names to one individual, and which proved to be the names of the individual's nearest relatives, who once lived upon this earth, and in a public seance was this done. The most wonderful thing connected with Mrs. Breed's mediumship is the spirits' language, consisting of raps, which she reads as readily as if reading from a printed book. If the medium desires a communication by raps, she sits down to her stand, when the raps immediately begin, and whatever the spirit wishes to communicate she reads. It is not slow and tiresome, but ready, pleasing, and truthful. There is a beauty connected with this language of the spirits that is usually overlooked, and a mystery greater than the mysteries of the ancients connected with the rapid interpretation. It is a telegraphic line that should call forth the everlasting gratitude of mortals. Indeed is Mrs. Breed the only medium I ever met who always gives tests, and of that character bound to startle and make an impression.

May the angels protect her, whose instrument she is.

MARION TODD.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

THE TEST.

While in Cairo, Ill., the Angel world gave, through our mind or senses, the following tests. If any of our readers wish to know the truthfulness of these statements they can write to any one or all of the parties referred to below:

No. 1. Mr. Oberly, editor of *Daily Bulletin*, Cairo, Ill. This man was chosen for reading, under the following circumstances: 1. We turned our back to the audience; 2. When standing with our back to the audience, this man was chosen by Dr. Brigham, and took his place in the aisle of the hall with his back to us. We then turned and telegraphed to him through the fingers of the left hand for a few moments, then turning our back to him, we requested him to be seated, after which we read him phrenologically, physiologically, historically, incidentally, Spiritually; all of which were

fully identified save this: We described an aunt of his as a spirit who is living to-day, or was when last heard from.

Mr. Oberly is a democrat, of large expectation, a skeptic of the first water, and not an Atheist but a full-fledged, unbelieving Deist, and says, "Wilson, the Spiritualist, promises to do these things, and what is more he does what he promises to do, and is a first-class guesser." We like Oberly and think well of him, notwithstanding he tormented Mrs. Hollis, called D. B. Taylor an ass, went for Mott and Chase, and Spiritualists in general, and when pinned down by us he did get out through a smaller hole than we will or can get through.

No. 2. Dr. D. Arter. There is with you a woman who has been in Spirit life a number of years, fully describing her. This woman is your wife, and yet we know that your wife is here this evening with you, and that you are old people, with children and grandchildren about you. This woman was of peculiar temperament, and when aroused would make things warm for the time being.

Dr. Arter replied, "There is a good deal in what you say, and yet your description is not correct in one essential point. You say she had high cheek bones; that is not true."

We said, "You are mistaken, we did not say that; this is what we said, her face is full and prominent, the cheeks full and marked."

"That is right," said the doctor.

Subsequently we learned that Mr. Woodward, a prominent merchant, spoiled the test by informing the doctor, after meeting, that at his house at dinner, we were told that he, Dr. Arter, had been married twice, and that we knew all about it. This was a poser and good capital for the *R.-P. Journal* and Dr. Wolfe and his book of startling facts.

On Sunday morning, the 3d inst., we called Mr. Woodward to an account. His reply was, "I did so state to Dr. Arter last night; but on going home Mrs. W. put the matter straight. The conversation was not in your presence, and not on the day you were at our house. It is not true so far as you are concerned." This statement was made publicly and in the presence of Dr. Arter, and one of these days we will call up the quotation in Dr. Wolfe's book of startling facts, of which the *R.-P. Journal* is feasting on, and fully expose it and ventilate the whole chapter.

No. 3. Dr. Wm. Wood, not a Spiritualist, very skeptical, and exceedingly doubtful in regard to a future existence; a chemist and a man of great professional skill. To him we said, after reading his character and life incidents as from a book, There is here a man, one you never saw, your relative on the father's side, and we believe your uncle. This man was killed a few weeks before you was born or a few days after your birth, but we believe before, and his death was caused either by a heavy lift or by some great exhibit of strength. You know nothing of it only from hearsay.

The Doctor replied, "My father's youngest brother was killed in a wrestling bout, at about the time I was born. I know nothing about him only from hearsay."

Doctor, there is with you a woman who died in giving birth to a child about seven years ago, and she says you know that her death was caused by malpractice and poison.

The Doctor, sharply, "Am I in any way implicated?"

"No, she does not say that. This is the statement: You know that her death was caused by malpractice or murder."

The Doctor, "Well, she killed herself. I know of such a case, but I think you are at fault in regard to date; otherwise correct."

At a second meeting, we stated, Doctor, there is with you a young man, as tall, if not taller than you; his face is egg-shaped, eyes dark, full, and luminous, his hair dark and a little long, complexion fair, and looks like a Southerner to us. He says his name is Arthur, and now he holds up his left hand, and on the index finger, near the middle joint, there is a little cut or scratch, from which he died. His death was caused by virus taken through this wound at the dissecting table. What do you know of it?

Dr. Wood, "Years ago, and when I was demonstrator of anatomy in the college of —, there was a young man by the name of Arthur who died in the manner you have stated, and from virus taken up at the dissecting table, and he was a Southerner."

"Mr. Wilson, I have a brother some time dead, why can't he come?"

"He can if he chooses; we do not control these things, have no control whatever over the Spiritual being any more than we have over you; and this brother can come or stay away, just as you or any other man could do."

"But why can't you find him? You have brought up three or four Spiritual beings whom I identify, but in whom I have no interest. Why should they come?"

"For several reasons. 1. You have mind-reading on the brain, somewhat, hence we hold that the test is all the better, so far as the Spirit world is concerned; 2. We find that all those people who die by accident or are killed are more apt to put in an appearance than those who die from old age or a natural death; 3. There may be good and sufficient reasons in the judgment of your brother why he is not here this evening."

"Why can't you bring up or find my brother?"

We answer, He is a spirit and we are not, which is a very good reason. Take a needle and pitch it into a hay-mow, then stow away ten tons of hay. After pitching it onto the mow, ask us to find the needle, as well as to ask us to find your brother in Spirit life. Besides his habits of life might bar his coming; and a thousand other causes are in the way; and finally, he may not want to come.

"But this brother I thought a world of, he was my favorite."

"Hold on right where you are. There stands behind you a man of commanding appearance. Please stand up and we will give his height as compared with you. [The doctor complied.] He is an inch taller than you are, stouter built in every way, will weigh more than you; his hair is short, lays smooth, is dark slightly tinged with gray, he is fairer than you are, his forehead is massive, broad and high, his face is large, full, and well shaped, his nose large and marked, his lips are firm, closed, not cold but full of expression, he stands very straight with chest projecting. This man died some ten or twelve years ago, and we feel that he received a blow here on the back of the head at the base of the back brain from which he died. We hold this man is your brother. What are the facts, from the best of your memory?"

"Are there any marks on his face?"

"Yes, here under the left eye, near the nose, there is a deep pit or mark, as from a pock-pit."

"Do you see a scar or mark here, across the forehead at this point?" touching the place.

"We decline to answer, from the fact that you have put the testimony in our mouth."

"That is true," replied the doctor. He then said, "I had a brother that answers this description to the letter, only I think he was not as fair a man as Mr. W. has represented him to be; he was an inch taller than I am and in every way larger than I am. We were unlike in our habits and tastes, yet thought a world of each other. I was studious and given to books, he was ambitious, loved to lead, to command men and did command. Twelve years ago he was in St. Louis. One day, when sitting in front of his office, there came along a number of men belonging to the Invalid Corps. As they came up to him one of the men struck him a heavy blow with his crutch in the back of the head at the base of the brain, from which he died two years later. These are facts, gentlemen, and wonderful ones."

At this we turned to the doctor and said: "Doctor, one of two things is true, and while we are going to speak in strong language, yet we mean no offense. You either lie like the devil and stoop to collusion, or you tell the truth, and in this testimony you now give prove Spiritualism to be true, and these statements will go on record on your testimony, and not on ours."

The doctor replied, "There is no collusion between us whatever; we are strangers, and I tell the truth; besides, there are none here that know of these things save myself."

The audience then testified that Dr. Wood was to be believed, and had spoken the truth.

No. 4. Mrs. C. N. Woodward (the wife of Woodward the hardware man, the man who made the editor of the *R.-P. Journal* retract the false and slanderous report that appeared in his paper, regarding himself and other persons living in Cairo). To this lady we said: We see you, a little girl, standing by the side of a coffin, looking into it. On the opposite side stands a pale-faced lad, of some ten or twelve years of age; he is your brother. That

coffin contains your father. This is the last scene of earth life between you. This boy we see is a very beautiful boy, and a great favorite with you. There is here with you to-night three lights, they represent your children in Spirit life; two of them are boys, one a girl. They are here with you. There is here a woman from Spirit life, fully describing her.

Mrs. W. replied, "The boy and myself as described, standing by the coffin, is correct. It was the last time we looked upon our father; he lay dead in the coffin. Can you tell me what became of this boy brother of mine, Mr. Wilson?"

"No, we cannot."

"The three children I have buried — two boys and a girl. The woman I fully recognize."

No. 5. To John Limbert. We saw his boyhood home in Old England, fully describing the place — the dam, the stone bridge, the stone cottage, the mansion on the hill, the old man standing on the steps at the door, his brother Henry, — and many other remarkable facts and incidents in his life. All of which Mr. Limbert fully identified.

No. 6. To W. B. Rockwell, we said: There is here a woman; she stands behind us and says, Tell him I am here; my name is Matilda Rockwell. I am his sister. There is here with you a woman, carefully describing her. This woman you knew when 20 or 21 years old, she 17 or 18. You loved her and she reciprocated your love; this attachment was broken up by her people. Subsequently she married; this marriage proved a failure, and she is now a spirit. There is with you an Indian, his name is Wallawalla; as a spirit he has been with you frequently. There is with him a rough looking man, who was killed, as he says, in the mountains of Colorado; that he knew you in the past. These two spirits made many important statements, referring to the past, the present, and the future, which we have not space to refer to, but the following reply will be interesting to our readers.

W. B. Rockwell said in reply, "I had a sister, Matilda Rockwell, — my favorite sister, — she has been long in the Spirit world, and in the many sittings I have had with mediums all over the United States this is the first time I have ever heard from her. It is a very fine test. The young lady seen and described by Mr. Wilson I fully identify; the statement is true to the letter. The Indian, Wallawalla, I recognize, and all the statements made in regard to the past and present are true; the future is yet to be developed. I do not fully recognize or remember Jack the Mountaineer."

Mr. Rockwell subsequently stated the following incident: When in London, England, some time ago, I called on a lady medium by the name of Dickinson, an American. While with her this Indian, Wallawalla, came and informed me that there was a great fire in Central City, Colorado, and that all the wigwams were burned around my wigwam, but that mine was not burned, and that it was saved. Some days after, I received news from home confirming Wallawalla's statement.

No. 7. With Mrs. John Limbert we saw a beautiful spirit symbol, representing her children in Spirit life, that was fully identified.

Many other tests were given, in all one hundred and ninety-seven, one hundred and seventy-three were fully identified. Thus the work goes on, from conquering to conquer, through the aid of Angel helpers.

Of ourself we are nothing; with the help of the Angel world we are strong, trusting in God as we understand him. We believe we shall be sustained in the future as we have been in the past, hence we are encouraged.

Reader, when you are through reading this chapter of facts, we ask you to remember our little sheet, and send us a subscriber or renew your own subscription. We need your help. The work that we are doing is immense, more than we ought to do. Come, then, to our help. \$1.10 a year for our bi-weekly is cheap for a paper without advertisements, with thirty-two columns of good reading matter. Come and help us sustain true Spiritualism.

The crusaders have accomplished more than they bargained for. They intended to put down the rumseller, but really broke the way for woman suffrage; demonstrating the fact that they can stand insult and abuse equally well with the honest husband, with a brack in his hat.

IN THE CITY.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Two artless souls I met to-day—
A pair of homespun lovers;
As lightsome and as careless they
As aught the sunshine covers.

Stray moths that float the summer through
Had wingless seemed beside them,
Who, wholly glad, found naught to do
With what might yet betide them.

Along the busy street they stept,
Their arms close intertwined,
And of the crowd no record kept
While one to other listed.

I could not hear a word they said,
Yet quick, returning glances
Between them, spoke of spirits wed
Like those in old romances.

The satchel swinging on his arm,
His garments quaintly fitted,
Her old time dress, yet girlish charm,
All held me while they flitted.

I saw they would not barter one
Of either's valued kisses
For any riches under sun
That make up meaner blisses.

And then I thought how heaven comes down
To bless the simple hearted,
Who have no care for fashion's frown,
Nor fear but to be parted.

And thought, too, if the world but guessed
The half of what it loses
By slighting love, 'twould stand confessed
In shame of what it chooses.

Yet nothing recked the happy pair
Of such a lesson needed
By folk o'erlooked, while passing there
Themselves as little heeded.

All unconcerned they dreamed not why
I scanned their tell-tale faces,
And pitied silent ones go by
To cold, heart-lonely places.

These laughed and talked, delighting each,
And stept as on the heather;
Sopremely blest one goal to reach,
Linked arm in arm together.

—Christian Union.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

"THY MONEY PERISH WITH THEE."

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

The papers represent that a certain wealthy Californian has deposited one hundred dollars in a San Diego bank, to be the property of any Spiritualist who shall give the number of the note. Then, either the writer of the notice or some editor adds, "If any of our mediums win it, they should keep it as the first honest dollars ever won in the profession." This is evidently a gambler that wrote the notice, for he talks about "an honest dollar being won in the profession"; and yet I will not be harsh with him, for he might have had reference to the "profession" of gambling. Then knowing the standpoint from which he viewed a medium, we can cover him with a mantle of charity, and set it down as a case of *needing more light*.

I am led to these conclusions from the fact that he talks about an honest dollar being won by what he would call a guess, or without giving an equivalent.

Now I do not believe I shall be mortified with the intelligence that a genuine medium for messages from the Spirit world, or a clairvoyant, unless it be of the McQueen stripe, will ever bite at a hook the devil has baited in this way. If any do bite we may know where to locate them. I use the word devil for evil; for it is evident the offer of one hundred dollars was for the evil purpose of overturning the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism, that was evidently annoying to him. If this does call out an effort from any medium, they will be regarded with suspicion from the start, for the following reasons:

A genuine medium, who is a true Spiritualist, will only call a class of control about them that cannot be bought with a money value. If they do call that class of control about them, it will be in response to a desire to obtain the one hundred dollars without giving an equivalent, a desire that nothing but a Diakka would respond to.

A true Spiritualist is one that is such in a higher sense than that of a gambler or of a dogmatist. A true Spiritualist is one that by unfoldment, comes upon a higher plane of Spirituality and into higher and clearer light than those who waged a bloody war upon their brother-man for the possession of an empty sepulcher; than those who have contended for eighteen hundred years for the immaculate conception of a physical form. True Spiritualism is pure Spirituality. It is the possession of nobler thoughts and higher aspirations, that lead to nobler acts and nobler deeds; the possession of high and holy aspirations for more of light and knowledge, which is more of God. For more of that power derived from light and knowledge to cast out the false and embrace all that is high, holy, and true; and when our traducers get away from their standpoint of dogmatism, of tricks, and of legerdemain, and

get upon a higher one themselves, the smoke will clear away from their own sky, and they will see our mediums in something like their proper light.

A clairvoyant is not necessarily a medium, through whom messages come, for the facts of clear-seeing arise out of physiological structure independent of foreign control. Then a clairvoyant may have his conscience debauched with games of chance, and his soul muddled with filthy lucre, to that extent that he may catch a glimpse of the shining dust, or number of the note in the vaults of the San Diego bank; and he may prostitute his holy gift, by using it for ignoble purposes; but a pure spirit cannot stoop to it as long as it is pure.

When will our traducers rise above their intolerance enough to allow us a God and a devil and not try to monopolize all the luxuries themselves; for the history of the past confirms the fact that one has existed as long as the other, and if we may believe what an assembly of D.D.s in Philadelphia are said lately to have discovered, the devil has been quite the most omnipotent and far-seeing; and in a majority of cases come out ahead; yet they indulge in strong hopes that in future trials of strength and speed God will more than make it up on the home stretch.

We do not claim for our Diakka devils any more shrewdness than that, and we are happy to learn that the hopes of this far-seeing, self-constituted committee of D.D.s at Philadelphia are being realized in the trial of speed and sagacity at Grand Rapids; for we learn that God did "come in right on the home stretch," there and obtained a verdict of "no cause for action" for Mrs. Parry, allowing her to preach the new gospel of light without fear of molestation from the host of bigotry and intolerance.

Hurrah for God! I begin to think he will come out ahead in the Ward will case at Detroit, and not lose it as he did that of Barnes. Sturgis, Mich., Sept. 27.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A CRITICISM.

BY ISAAC PADEN.

There are three classes of people, and in speaking of them, we will call them Christians, Infidels, and Spiritualists. The Christians claim all Spiritualists are Infidels; therefore, in their estimation there are but two classes: they, of God, and all the world lies in wickedness and unbelief. "This smacks strong of self-righteousness."

Why there should be such a bitter feeling as there is on the part of Christians toward Spiritualists, when in fact the Spiritualists propose to demonstrate the truth of one of the most essential points in the Christian doctrine which they have failed to do after eighteen hundred years' trial. The question is equally as great. Why there should be a bitter feeling between the Infidels and Spiritualists, seeing each stand alike under the same censure by the religious world; agreeing as they do on general principles, except in man's after life, and on this point I will venture to say but few if any Infidels can be found but that have a strong wish in favor of the Spiritual theory above all others.

The Christians failing to produce any evidence of the fact, except the statements of those who believed the earth was flat, and their statements are so vague they are not reliable, in the absence of living witnesses, and their denial of such, it is no wonder the Christians fail to convert honest skeptics to their religion. Again, why should an Infidel refuse to investigate the question, or speak light of it, when he is the best qualified of all others, having nothing to lose, but much to gain? Again, if the Spiritual theory be false, it is the duty of every lover of truth to use all honorable means to decide the question on the side of truth. The Christians have tried their hand and failed; the more they try to kill it the more life it has. It is now fairly in the hands of truthseekers.

I see Prof. J. S. Grimes is making a stir in trying to prove it false; the more he tries, the more he proves it true. Just as far as he demonstrates the power of mind upon mind, he proves the truth of Spiritualism. If there were no power in one mind to act upon another, it would be impossible for modern Spiritualism to be true.

Again, if the mind dies with the earth body it cannot be true. But so long as the mind is admitted to survive the body, the Christians, with the help of ten thousand proofs, will fail to prove Spiritualism false. The whole object

of Prof. Grimes appears to be to prove Spiritualism false, not to test it. This is well calculated to make his book sell, inasmuch as Christians stand ready to open their doors, untie their purse-strings, and reach their bottom dollar, if thereby they could get rid of modern Spiritualism.

Here is the words of a sleight-of-hand performer, when speaking of Moses and the Jewish prophets, and the believers in the Bible. He said, "From this last class we get our support; all we have to do is to advertise to expose Spiritualism, and the tin is forked over." This mode of exposing Spiritualism is a fraud and imposition upon all honest inquirers, and should be treated as such, yet it is encouraged by our Christian brethren. It truly is the duty of all honest men to protest against such expositors as VanVleck, McQueen, and others, whose only object is to get money, and adopt the measures taken in the case of Mrs. Mary J. C. Young (*Banner of Light*, July 31, '75). We now say to our Infidel brethren, to you the world is this day indebted for all the religious and political liberty now enjoyed; your motto was and now is the *rights of man*, while the religionists not only lock their doors against the freedom of speech, but, had they the power, the door of the courts of justice would be closed against all heretics, and the gates of Heaven barred, forbidding all intercourse therewith under the penalty of death (unless licensed by them). We say to you, you have proved yourselves faithful, as friends and advocates of the rights of man, in opposition to religious and political tyranny. Will you now defend the truth against religious falsehood, by putting the claims of Christianity and Spiritualism on a test?

I am well aware Christianity will refuse to be tested, as in Prof. Tyndall's offer, and if they should submit, their claims would be hard to reach, being based upon faith or imagination. *Believe a thing is, and it is, and here it ends.* Not so with the claims of modern Spiritualism, they rest upon facts within reach of a proper investigation. Therefore we say, test the claims of each; give the Christians a fair chance, if they reject it will prove the amount of confidence they have in their claims, and that they dare not submit to Paul's rule, "Try all things." Should the claims of Spiritualism prove false, send it up, along with Beecher's Life of Christ.

Woodhull, Ill.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ANOTHER SCANDAL.

MR. EDITOR: It is my desire to spread the truth and show up the character of the calumniators of Spiritualism, that induces me to pen these few lines for the benefit of whom it may concern.

A very serious indiscretion is said to have been committed upon the person of a young girl, at Brandywine Summit Camp-meeting, by one of God's ministers. God's ministers, did I say? hold; suppose it had been a Spiritualist, would our Methodist brother have said so much for him? No; it would have been, one of those offcasts from Hell, those lawless, affinity-seeking, virtue-destroying, insane Spiritualists.

But so long as the great I am of Brooklyn has been tried for a serious indiscretion, and the jury failed to agree to convict so great and noble a Christian preacher, the smaller ones take courage and commit the same kind of tricks, thinking if perchance they get caught in the legal net, the jury will feel so great a sympathy for them under the peculiar circumstances of "having fallen from a carriage," or "taken some medicine," they, too, can slip out of the net unscathed.

It was first stated that the Rev. E. T. Kenney was insane when he perpetrated said indiscretion, but that seems to have been considered "too thin" to bear the wash of reason and so another cause is assigned for the reverend brother making himself too familiar with the young lady. There is a later report, and though this still admits the "indiscretion," I have no doubt that after a few days the "sublime lying" that can be done, and the ministerial soapbuds through which the whole matter will be made to pass, will exonerate the minister entirely.

Here is the report of an apparent friend of the reverend brother: "A great many Wilmingtonians are visiting our camp; we hope much good may be done, and the meetings be a complete success. The dailies in your city got hold of the greatest nonsense in reference

to the Rev. E. T. Kenney, the minister in charge here, and published that he was found with a bottle of rum in his possession, from which he had partaken too freely. There was no rum found on his person, and neither was he as represented by some evil-disposed men. Persons should be careful what they say about this matter as not one-half that is circulated has any foundation. The matter has been thoroughly sifted, and thus far the most of the charges rumored against him are false in every particular.

"Mrs. Kenney, we are sorry to say, is suffering from depression of spirits, caused by his late fall from his carriage, and this, in connection with some medicine he had taken, led to the indiscretion which he committed. The Rev. Mr. Hough, presiding elder of the Eastern District, preached a very interesting sermon on Tuesday afternoon, taking for his text Heb. x: 10-22. The Summit woods is one of the finest in the country for a Camp-meeting. It is really splendid to tent out here, the people are so sociable and nice, and one can hardly help feeling at home in their midst.

"INDO."

—Del. Republican.

That is the latest and most ridiculous reason for a preacher to commit an outrage upon a young lamb of his flock that has come out. Indo will certainly receive the prayers of all ministers, including Beecher, who have, or expect to, commit "indiscretions" upon females. The idea that "falling from a carriage and having to take medicine," should be an excuse for such whoredom, yes, worse than that a thousand times, for a respectable, decent man to be guilty of.

I think he fell by the great failure in the Brooklyn jury, and by taking too much high living, too little work, and too great a reliance upon David's and Solomon's teaching. When will the foolish people learn that preachers are only men, nothing more, and some of them very bad men and some good men, and are to be so considered and treated. Such are those who blackguard and belie Spiritualists.

ONE OF THEM.

Wilmington, Del., Aug., 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A COMMUNICATION.

NEENAH, WIS.

BRO. WILSON: I had intended writing THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK before, but man proposes and very often circumstances dispose, hence my delay.

Not long since, while engaged in conversation with a lady friend, I noted a remark of hers, that the world needed rest, that we had lived too fast and beyond ourselves, and now needed rest. I have thought much of it, and have concluded that it is not rest but moderation that is required. More temperance and less excess. And would not a most billowing vortex of intemperance encompass the world while indulging in absolute rest? Total abstinence is as intemperate as excessive partaking. No, let us not have rest. Workers, Free-thinkers, shout not for rest, clamor not for peace, so long as one soul wallows in the murky pool of superstition, while one cheek is damped by a tear caused by a belief in a God of murder and shame; for what more was the death and birth of Jesus!

Cast not off your armor, nor sit with folded hands and cry, "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace. Indeed, 'tis useless, for the gigantic wheel of progression is on the move; it must and will go on, and we must rally to the front or sink crushed 'neath the debris and ruins left by the iconoclast, the critic, and the profound reasoner. Give me liberty, freedom and independence, then peace, and last of all, rest.

I like THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK much; its fearless, earnest way of advocating the real cause. I find the perusal of its columns a great benefit as well as a pleasure.

Yours for truth and equal rights,

ETTIE M. SLOVER.

P. S. In your paper of August 14th, I noticed a piece written under the *nom de plume* of Violet. Who this Violet is I know not, but would like to ask the difference between her former slavery and present hard-earned freedom. Let Violet explain herself. E. M. S.

[We have no doubt of Violet's ability to answer in good time, and trust that she will.—ED.]

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For the Spiritualist at Work.
REPLY TO MR. TINNEY.

BY A. B. CHURCH.

FRIEND TINNEY: Again you wish my "position defined between cause and effect; the visible and invisible," etc. To me, the visible are effects; the invisible, or life, the cause; but further than as manifested I make no pretensions to know, or even guess, it being sufficient for me to know it exists in all living things and not in dead ones.

Your theory is, that Patagonians and Kam-schatkans, situated over seven thousand miles apart, do, by "disintegration and reciprocal relation" with all other things between them, "cause life and motion"! Although you assert this as fact, I cannot perceive anything but a very weak cause for the most wonderful manifestations in nature.

You see the effects of and not "my thinking principle" itself in the "extracts" you allude to, for the mind cannot be seen, "in conversation" or otherwise—a fact.

If mind cannot be annihilated, it must have life continued, and "act independent" of the body in the grave, even with "the head severed," yet by no means do I assert mind can be independent of matter; for, it being necessary for earth life, it is reasonable to suppose it a necessity for Spirit life, but of a different substance, if not, then the idea of Spirit life at all seems unreliable, or mere bosh and nonsense.

As you challenge "extraordinary intellects" for a refutation of your theory, and that it is "natural and necessary in the production and evolution of species," I submit the matter to them and await their report, knowing my own is not "extra," and probably hardly "ordinary" in your estimation.

You say, "refer to any one thing visible that is not convertible into invisible conditions, or was not derived from them, and you will own your deductions are all bosh, and weak at that." Well, sir, the sun, moon, stars, water, and land are all "visible," (their hidden stores are no exception,) and always have been, and will continue for all known to the contrary, and are not convertible into "gas," according to your theory, (except of your own manufacture,) hence, your own assertion makes "your deductions all weak bosh," and of course you ought not to attempt to enlighten bewildered minds with views of what you nor no mortal knows, nor expect to aid them to arrive at "a legitimate conclusion"!

I feel forced to this conviction from the fact I expected to have obtained clearer views, from the strong assertions made at commencing, and yet I am still striving to learn all truths possible. Respectfully, etc.

Columbus, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A COMMUNICATION.

"A wicked and adulterous generation, looking for a sign, and no sign shall be given you but the sign of John the prophet," which is, "In the last days God will pour out of his spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions," etc.

It is notable circumstance that all the sayings attributed to Jesus of Nazareth possess a germ of wisdom, having a general as well as a local significance. At that time the Jewish nation were looking for the advent of the promised Messiah, vainly supposing it would be heralded by some astounding demonstration worthy the dignity of the Son of God, hence could not believe the evidence of their own senses, that this individual, the son of Joseph and Mary, of such humble associations, was in fact the very Messiah.

It is a self-evident proposition that the whole Christian world are laboring under a like delusion, are now looking for his second advent, to be preceded by signs and wonders of great power and glory, discrediting the oft-repeated warning, to watch as for a thief in the night, and that his own (the Church) would reject him when he did come; which is also corroborated in the first chapter of Acts, where the two men in white apparel (spirits) affirmed his advent would take place in like quiet and secluded manner as his ascension, in the presence of his disciples only.

Bear in mind, Jesus expressly excludes all signs, excepting those given by John the prophet, which signs Peter informs us were the Spiritual phenomena of dreams, visions, etc.,

the baptism of the Holy Ghost (Spiritual baptism), all which transpired at the first pentecostal celebration, or Spiritual circle, held after his ascension.

The same or like phenomena are now being witnessed by thousands and tens of thousands of Spiritualists, conclusively establishing the fact that in the last days God is pouring out of his spirit upon all flesh, and the angels (spirits) are flying through the midst of Heaven proclaiming the everlasting gospel.

If, then, God's word (the Bible) be reliable, and sin against the Holy Ghost is not forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come, would it not be well for our Christian friends to use more caution in speaking disrespectfully of Spiritual communications?

WATCHMAN.

Fremont, Ind.

OBERLEY'S OPINION.

We give place to the following criticism, clipped from the columns of the *Bulletin*, published at Cairo, Ill. We met Editor Oberley, had a pleasant chat with him, and we frankly confess we found one man as positive as we are, and on friendly terms with the devil, hence Wilson understood Oberley. But never mind, Brother, we are going to the same place according to Rev. Dr. Thayer, only you are going down through the dirt, via China, and we are going up, via the New Jerusalem. Let us shake hands then, over the grave, and we will give you your choice, you may take the bottom and go down, and we will take the top and go up, each to his Alma Mater, Brother mine.

"We attended the Sunday night lecture of Wilson, the Spiritualist, who is now talking and selling books and papers to our people. We were very much pleased with him. He is the only Spiritual medium that has visited Cairo during our residence in the city, who was not, in our opinion, both a bore and a humbug. All the rest have either talked the flattest commonplaces in the worst possible language, or else have indulged in tricks the most transparent, and called them Spiritual manifestations. Wilson is, as all persons must be who talk much on the threadbare subject of religion, sometimes weak in his arguments, but he is generally an incisive and logical speaker, and is not often uninteresting. He is a man of intellect, up in his business, and, as he said on Sunday night, having the most absolute confidence in himself, he would not hesitate to tell the devil that Wilson knows all about him and his ancestors. After the lecture Mr. Wilson undertook to do, without touching the head of the subject, all that a phrenologist could do; without touching the body, as definitely describe its ailments as the most skillful physician after careful examination could do; and without either seeing, hearing, or knowing the person, tell events in his life, giving dates and details. What is more, Wilson did what he undertook to do in this regard. He is as glib and accurate a phrenologist as Fowler; but, then, Dr. Parker says phrenology is a humbug. He did diagnosis disease correctly, and he did tell of events that had happened in the lives of several persons in the room. Of course, he is nothing but a good guesser, who has studied human nature thoroughly, and is helped out by the possession of that mysterious something called clairvoyance. He deals greatly in generalities, intimates more than he says, and often blunders; but upon the whole, he is remarkable in his demonstrations of the possession of a wonderful power he calls Spiritual mediumship, but which is—something else. He is worth hearing, and nobody will lose anything by seeing him, for he is a fine-looking old gentleman—one of the olden school infected by modern isms."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TO MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

BY BELLE APPLETON.

MR. EDITOR: Will you permit a short reply to Mary M. D. S., in the issue of 28th of August? I, too, am a school-girl and feel indignant that any writer who claims to be a reformer should ding dong that old and detestable theme of working us girls up to believe that we were only made for slaves to masters who, through the law of marriage, should become our owners.

No, my dear madam, you are all wrong in your theory; us girls don't intend to learn to cook, wash, iron, or nurse the baby either. Now, why don't you give some of your excellent advice to the boys? Must they live in elegant idleness while we do all the work? Please give us your ideas (if you have any) on the equality of the sexes; but what we want is something new and original, suited to these reformatory times, and none of your warmed-over stuff, like the batch in your last,—"Just Home from Boarding-school." Truly yours,

Belle, we love the school-girl and the woman, but we feel it our duty to vote for the

girl who can make a pudding, a loaf of bread, and patch her husband's pants, if required. At the same time, we would be pleased to see every girl in the land accomplished in music, and with a sound education, and by a sound education we mean one qualified to keep house as well as to adorn the home.

There is nothing under the sun so distressing to us as a proud, fashionable woman in poverty, unable to take care of herself, and then to think of such a woman at the head of a family of several persons, and not know how to make bean soup. Pshaw! better die and be done with life than to be such a woman, or man either. Selah.—Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE

764 Market st., LOUISVILLE, KY.,

Sept. 7, 1875.

BRO. WILSON: You have doubtless come to the conclusion that I have abandoned the work, but I have not. I have been struggling along, doing all I could since I last wrote you. I am permanently located in this city, and my prospects are good. The following, copied from the *Courier-Journal*, is self explanatory:

MARRIED.—On Sunday, Aug. 29, in this city, by the Rev. Dr. Sheets, Mr. C. W. Stewart of Chicago and Miss Frances A. Hodges of Louisville.

Please inform the readers of your paper that I am ready to answer calls to lecture in all parts of the country during the fall and winter. Ever your brother, C. W. STEWART.

REMARKS.—We wish our Brother joy in this phase of life. It is the true phase, and when entered into from the standpoint of love and the exercise of free choice, it is Heaven on earth; and Charley has as true a wife in Frances as she has a true husband in Charley, then their life lines are, in the world of care, light and beautiful. May they live in peace.

Brother Stewart is one of those so fearfully denounced as a Free-lover, full of nastiness, together with O. J. Howard and E. V. Wilson; each of whom never have, and never will desert a wife or keep a mistress. True to our vows, pure in our intent, honest in our endeavors, we will do the right, and stand up for a free platform, free speech, and free press, true worship for one God, a pure republic, under the rule of the people, and the monogamic law under just regulations, will secure any people their liberties.—Ed.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF P. B. RANDOLPH.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing a notice in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK in regard to the death of P. B. Randolph reminds me of an incident regarding him, which occurred here last spring. You are aware that he visited our coasts last winter. He visited this city (Virginia, Nev.) in March last, stopping with Mrs. L. M. Detenreder; he seemed exceedingly nervous, and was almost wild in his mind and actions. When he retired to his room Mrs. D.'s spirit guides told her he contemplated suicide. She spent the whole night anxiously begging for his life. All this time her band of spirits were with him, warding off the blow, thus preventing him from committing the act in her house. At length morning came, and Randolph came out of his room, saying to her, "The Rubicon is past, I am saved." She asked him what he meant. Instead of answering her, he gave a careful description of three men, asking her if she knew them. She said,

"Yes, they are my father, brother, and husband, all in Spirit life."

He then said, "Sixteen years ago, I had a vision, and in that vision I was told that I had to commit suicide on the night of the 29th of March, 1875. I have all these years expected to do so, and intended last night to finish the work, and have done with it; but these three men, *Spiritual beings*, came into my room, staid with me all night, reasoning with me, sitting on my bedside, actually preventing me from the deed. I thank them for it now. The hated day is past, I can live and finish my work."

After which, he was cheerful and contented, continuing so while he remained in Virginia City. Thinking so marked an incident in his erratic life might interest your readers I enclose it for your approval.

Respectfully yours, P. W. S.
Virginia City, Nev.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR ADVERTISING TERMS.

To all whom it may concern: WHEREAS, our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, now has over seventeen hundred subscribers, and increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty each month, through our own personal efforts; THEREFORE, we now inform our friends that only two columns of our paper, on the seventh page, will be open for advertisements, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion under thirteen numbers, for advertisements containing ten lines and over. For all advertisements under ten lines, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion, payment invariably in advance. All matter for advertising must be directed to Hazlett & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street, Chicago. No notice will be taken of advertisements not accompanied with the money.

NOTICE.

The First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland meets at Temperance Hall, No. 184 Superior street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
L. W. GLEASON, R. Sec. D. S. CRITCHLY, Pres.

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Of California, will remain East until the first of December. He is prepared to give a course of lectures on the "Lost Arts." Other subjects are

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Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A BOY! A BOY!

(Sequel to "Only a Girl.")

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

Now the bounding pulse beats swift and strong,
And sparkles the eye with joy;
While the breath comes laden with the glad song
Of the heart—A Boy! A Boy!

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy
In the battle-field of life;
Where sorrow sits at the board with joy,
And peace is purchased with strife:

Where strength of sinew, of nerve, and brain
Is needed at every turn:
Where truth sits weeping beside her slain;
And the lamps of error burn:

Where the field is ready for the plow;
The harvest the keen-edged knife;
The desk awaiting the stainless brow;
The dying bread of life.

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy,
Imbued with the thought "I can;"
With the god-like possibilities
Foretold of "The Coming Man!"

To make of iron and polished steel,
Nerve, muscle, almost brain;
To be the creatures of the will;
Alike on land and main:

To tear from bigots' darkened brow
The sin-wrought plats of thorn;
And where weak superstition bows,
Rear knowledge's potent form:

To shield the weak, to nerve the brave,
To lead truth's armies on;
To see her fadeless banners wave
When victory is won.

'Tis a god-like thing to be a boy!
March in Progression's van;
In this the nineteenth century,
ALL HAIL! THE COMING MAN!

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VOICE FROM MICHIGAN.

Life is a journey from birth to the grave, and destiny is the master urging us on. As no two are made exactly alike, so no two will travel alike, act alike, or desire alike. Some come into life to travel on foot, bearing heavy burdens, receive curses instead of blessings, and depart wondering why they were born.

Others are born with talent and genius, but their bodies are so dwarfed and so cramped that the indwelling spirit cannot manifest, and their journey through life seems a failure, and their aspirations a mockery. Another class are born, as it were, with "gold and silver spoons in their mouths;" this class are feted from the hour of birth to the hour of death. Every pleasure and luxury is conferred upon them without labor, and they are the envied of the less favored; satins, silks, laces, diamonds, broadcloth, palatial mansions, lands, gold and bonds are theirs; they travel often free upon our steamers and cars; they are honored everywhere; society welcomes them with bows, even to the earth, and nothing is too good for them. No matter whether they have brains or not, for purses can be weighed easier than brains; and as society exists today, wisdom, knowledge and experience are of little worth, compared with a long purse, even if it is made long and full at the expense of the poor, and the oppression of the working class.

Others there are who are born to work and earn every cent by the sweat of their brow. To this class life is real and earnest; they have no time to fritter away, or to envy the rich; they know that gold often hardens the feelings of the possessor, and makes them selfish; this class are brave, and constitute by far the nobler portion of society; toil to them is sweet because it is honorable; it brings health, strength and happiness, and a consciousness of self-hood.

In our journey through life we should educate ourselves to know how to live and let others live; we should educate ourselves, in individual efforts, for humanitarian purposes,

remembering that none are so poor, frail or insignificant but what they exert an influence upon some one with whom they associate. It may be a look, a word, a flower, a crumb of comfort; all have an influence down deep in the soul of the receiver. This life is packed with joys, if we only knew how to find them and enjoy them when found.

Life is too precious to be sighed away, listlessly waiting for something to turn up; is too important to fritter away, murmuring at destiny. Better by far take things as we find them and journey on, seeking to understand the subtle laws that govern us, and become intimately acquainted with ourselves, so when our journey is accomplished in the form, and the mission for which we journeyed is performed, we can leave the busy "waiting-room" and enter the boat with the "boatman pale" and land upon the shining shore, there to meet loved ones who like us have made life's journey, and recount our wayside wanderings, joys, sorrows and bliss; every experience which brought us nearer harmony, wisdom and knowledge. There we shall take up the broken life threads under more favorable conditions, and resume our life march, retaining our sovereign individuality; the death change having robbed us of none of our faculties, emotions, loves or interests. There the task masters, the oppressors, the monopolists, the law makers must meet their victims and

"Right shall come uppermost,
And justice shall be done."

MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Adrian, Oct. 2, 1875.

SPIRITUALISTS OF MICHIGAN:

Let it be duly remembered that about the middle of December is the time for holding our regular yearly State Convention.

We did not deem it judicious, for various reasons, to call a semi-annual meeting, as we have hitherto usually done; but hope through our early and earnest efforts, and your hearty co-operation and assistance, to be able to effect a lively interest in our next; and that there will be present upon that occasion a large delegation from every Spiritualist Society or place in the State.

Our last meeting, held at Battle Creek, was a success in some respects; in others it was far from being so. It certainly was a success in numbers, both on the part of Spiritualists generally and in speakers, also, as regards both numbers and talent; yet it was not a success in harmony, peace and good will, or order well maintained. For this there are many good reasons, and much to be said upon both sides, which our limited amount of time will not permit us now to discuss.

We desire to issue the call for our coming convention as soon as the first of November, designating time and place it will be held; but previous to said action, we desire to hear from any and all parties interested in the cause; we wish to confer with you, and learn, if possible, your wishes and desires. Please state, if you will, through means of private letters or through the press, your mind in the matter. What is your choice? When and where is it your pleasure the convention should convene, and the plan you think proper to adopt in the matter of arrangements.

For ourselves we wish to state that we do not desire to control this movement, but to acceptably serve the people. We believe that organization is necessary to better forward our cause; yet we are well aware that to many minds the word "organization" suggests a creed, but we think that well advanced minds know that in combination there is power; that we may organize upon a basis sufficient to conduct business, for free discussion upon all subjects relating to the welfare of humanity, without subjecting ourselves to old worn-out dogmas of the past, or gross immoralities under the garb of "freedom."

Why, if all Spiritualists and Liberalists throughout the land were thus organized, working together as one loving band, determined to resist the incoming tide of religious bigotry and ancient superstitious ideas, what a speedy victory we might gain; what a glorious result we might achieve!

Now, we are disunited everywhere, and because of this our best efforts are paralyzed, and rendered to a great extent ineffectual to produce any great or lasting results for good.

Many persons tell us: "they are not discouraged, Spiritualism is rapidly gaining ground, there are to their knowledge many

believers inside the church," etc. Well, we know all this to be too true, therefore we make answer: "So much the worse for Spiritualism." Just so long as the light of its glorious ministry is placed under a bushel or hid in a napkin, so long is the beauty of its divine truths destroyed.

It is true many have fled from our midst, because as individuals and as an Association we have committed blunders and made some mistakes, but we think those mistakes were ignorantly not intentionally brought about, for the most part.

As I glance over the pages of the past record, and read the thoughts therein penned by the loving hand of our departed brother, J. P. Averill, whose genial winning ways and kindness of heart endeared him to all, as I peruse the proceedings of past conventions, and see the names of Dr. Wm. Wayburn, Alcinda Wilhelm Slade and Bro. Whiting, those not less esteemed, and who have figured so largely in the interests of Spiritualism, not only in this but other States, and made for themselves a bright record by their efficient labors in behalf of our beautiful philosophy, we feel sad to know that their work is done and their eloquence lost to us; then we remember that they are not gone from us, but ever near and in sympathy with us, ever ready to assist with their wisdom and counsel, if we only heed and not repel them from drawing nigh by our childish bickerings and ceaseless inharmonies; then I truly feel that they will be sorely grieved if we fail in our duty to carry out and forward the good work they well began.

My friends, let us come together, not as a clique or party, but as one body of united reformers, ceasing to wrangle over the past, but actively planning work for the future; looking more to the present, that we make that right and true, and our lives noble and worthy of the cause we represent.

This, then, is our position. In the spirit of kindness we present these few thoughts, hoping to hear from many ere long, whatever instructions and suggestions you may be pleased to give.

MRS. L. E. BAILEY, Sec'y.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21, '75.

E. V. WILSON—Dear Brother: Enclosed find \$2 for Vol. 2 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; also 25 cts. for postage. I desire your encouragement and admire your perseverance in the noble work you have undertaken, and my impression is that you will be sustained in your efforts for promulgating the cause of truth and our glorious philosophy.

You have based your foundation on that eternal rock of progress whence no storms will be able to prevail against you. Be faithful, be watchful, but firm and immovable in the cause of justice and right, then you need not have any fears of success. I am much pleased with your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Respectfully your friend,

THORNTON COMFORT.

108 S. 4th st., Phila.

"INDIAN DEEP" FARM, PA.

MR. E. V. WILSON—Dear Sir: My conscience has sundry times reproved me when reading your paper, a favor for which I was your debtor, and if I could have paid you personally at the time would have gladly done so with pocket-book and done so. But I could not so promptly dispose of the matter, I must write a letter and enclose postal order from West Chester, the writing not being done preparatory, it has thus been deferred; not through any desire to keep you out of your dues, as neglect on my part, and further, an indecision as to the amount I should remit consistent with my feelings and a proper demand of the case.

I consented to become a patron to encourage that which I am glad to acknowledge has exceeded my anticipations, both in the matter disseminated by your paper and the support and maintenance it has elicited.

I do not wish to relinquish the *Banner of Light*, and am not decided how much I can help to sustain THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, but will send you postal order for three (\$3) dollars, which you may accredit as merited by

Yours fraternally,

ROBT. B. LAMBORN.

The possibility of sending two telegraphic messages simultaneously in opposite directions on the same wire, is said to have been proved by some recent experiments at Penzance, Eng.

From the Woman's Journal.

NEED OF CHARITY.

BY INEZ IRVING.

One of the crying needs of the world is a broad, liberal, discriminating charity. Though the world is making rapid advance in the present age, in that direction, there is yet vast room for improvement. Each of us is surrounded by an intangible, but no less real, circle of personality, having for its formation numerous elements peculiar to our individual circumstances, such as natural disposition, early education, experience, etc. From within this horizon, often a very limited one, each looks abroad upon his or her neighbor, and views and comments upon their actions. Each, unconsciously, but not less really, ignores the individuality of the other, and taking his own charmed circle as the standard, ignorantly judges all alike. Even among the most liberal and cultivated, this tendency prevails, and cannot be too carefully regulated.

Taking this view, which we believe to be a correct one, think of the absurdity of such common exclamations as these: "If I had been in his place I should have had more control over my appetite for liquor, and remembered my wife and children," or, "I don't see how she can so far lose her self-respect. I cannot understand," etc.

Of course they cannot understand, because they have never entered into the circle of the other's personality. What do they know of the strong appetite which is to be traced to causes for which the drunkard is not responsible, or of the bitter self-upbraidings which that man knows in the hours of wretched reaction, through which he passes when the first fatal fascination has passed away? Who can tell of the remorse as he looks upon his wife and children whom he is dragging down from honor and happiness along with him? Ah, human nature is very weak, very erring in most of us, therefore let us have charity.

And the woman who has lost her self-respect, what does her self-constituted judge know of the great, loving heart that was the means of her ruin, because she loved "not wisely but too well"? Ah, the wonderful strength of woman's love, which by its mighty power thrusts out of sight, for a time, womanly dignity and the strong instinct of self-preservation. It almost cancels the shame, and yet it brings the tear of pity and regret for our common womanhood that such confidence and love should be misplaced. But he casts her aside, and while her heart is crushed and bleeding under her twofold woe, society does the same. With no chance to rise, she commences the downward course, and those who perhaps would have fallen with half her temptations, look out from their limited circle and push her still farther down. Let them not think that she has lost all sense of her woman's birthright, low as she seems to have fallen. Perchance, standing at her casement and looking up at the silent stars, she realizes with bitter, unavailing regret her lost womanhood, until, maddened by the consciousness, she plunges into sin more recklessly than before. Yet the world knows nothing of this, and forgets the words, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

To counteract this natural tendency of the mind we want more insight into human nature. We ought to bring ourselves before a tribunal of our own, and question, "What am I that I should judge my fellows?" We should ever seek to widen, to expand our own peculiar horizon of vision, until it shall be capacious enough to embrace all others within its ample space, until all our lives shall be merged in that of the Infinite, whose very essence is love, perfect and complete.

BUILDING CHARACTER—There is a structure which every body is building, young and old, each one for himself. It is called character, and every act of life is a stone. If day by day we be careful to build our lives with pure, noble upright deeds, at the end will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But, as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable, untruthful act or word will forever leave its impress and work its influence upon our character. Then let several deeds unite to form a day, and one by one the days grow into years, and the years, as they slowly pass will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring for to our praise.—*Wheaton Illinoisian*.

A curious automaton spider has been invented at Paris. The spider is life size, and is made of copper. By pressing a spring it will move round the table in a way marvelously true to nature. It was made at Nuremberg, forty-five years ago, and was bought as a toy for the Duc d'Aumale. Now it has been sold for £50. This automaton is worthy to rank with the historic iron fly which flew around the room and perched on the hand of its master, or the artificial eagle which took flight from a perch in front of the Emperor Frederick, and, soaring aloft for some distance, returned to its starting place.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences a member exhibited a small vial containing fifteen grains of osmium, the most deadly poison known. In a short explanatory address he remarked that twenty pounds of the metal would be sufficient to poison the entire population of the world. One thousandth part of a grain of osmic acid, set free in a volume of air of one hundred cubic yards, would possess such a deadly influence that all persons respiring this air would be poisoned.

What makes it the more dangerous is the fact that it has no known antidote.